

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

ART. I.—THE DRAINAGE OF THE METROPOLIS.

1. *Report by Messrs. Galton, Simpson, and Blackwell, to Sir B. Hall, on the Main Drainage of the Metropolis.* Parliamentary Paper, Second Session, No. 232 (House of Commons). 1857.
2. *Report by Messrs. Bidder, Hawksley, and Bazalgette, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, upon the Main Drainage of the Metropolis.* Printed by order of the Board. 1858.
3. *Report of Select Committee of House of Commons upon the State of the Thames.* Not yet Published; but Noticed in the Daily Papers.
4. *Metropolitan Sanitary Commission.* Report and Evidence. 8vo. 1847.
5. *Report of Commissioners upon the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts.* With Appendices.
6. *Government by Commissions, illegal and pernicious.* By J. Toulmin Smith. 8vo. London. 1849.

THERE was an incidental phrase in the speech uttered from the woolsack, at the close of the last session of Parliament, to which very little attention has yet been called; but which, if uttered sincerely, and properly taken up by the public of our favoured islands—for favoured, indeed, we are, in comparison with other countries, whether aristocratic or democratic—may be rendered indicative of a perfect revolution in the opinions of those “drest in a little brief authority.” The expression we refer to, was contained in the second paragraph of the concluding part of the Royal Address to the Legislature, and it derived additional importance from the paragraph immediately preceding it, in which Her Majesty was made to express her satisfaction at the passage of a measure for the improvement

of the river Thames. According to the daily papers, the expression, thus referred to, really was to the effect that the Government regarded with satisfaction everything which tended to the wide extension "of the advantages of municipal self-government."

Now, it ought to be a matter of surprise, thus to find the recognised leaders of the ruling party, in a country which has for so many ages prided itself upon the extensive character of its municipal institutions, taking to themselves any merit, on the score of their having still further extended the advantages of a system, admitted by all to be at the very root of our civil and religious liberty. The first inquiry such a boast ought, therefore, to excite, is, whether the municipal institutions we formerly, as a nation, esteemed so highly, were, in truth, of any real value? and that question solved, as by the consent of all inquirers it must be, by the conviction of the importance and the efficiency of the ancient organization of the local government of England, we are then naturally led to ask, whether the ministry of the day intended to insinuate that the "advantages of municipal self-government" had been of late years curtailed? This is a very serious question, and it is one which, in the present comparatively quiet state of political affairs, Englishmen would do wisely to examine with earnest care and attention; for it is, indeed, and emphatically, upon the truthfulness and efficiency of the municipal institutions of a nation, that its happiness and comfort mainly depend, whilst the assemblies, and the business of local governing bodies, form the best school for those who may aspire to the higher offices of the state. Within the last twenty years, much has been said and written, and many laws have been passed, for the express purpose of regulating the numerous details, which are usually considered to lie within the sphere of local government. The administration of the poor laws, the municipal corporations, the mode of executing sewerage, drainage, or other sanitary works, have all, from time to time, occupied the attention of our law-makers, and of the "fourth estate." What have been the actual results of this great social movement? and how comes it now that the ministry of the day still feels that it is justified in speaking as though municipal self-government were only in its infancy? Still more important is it to inquire why the term *municipal* self-government has been used instead of the more general one of *local* self-government? We live in times when words are things; and it behoves us seriously to examine what hidden meaning there may be, even in the substitution of one word for another.

Yet important as is the subject thus suggested, and anxious as we are to see it fairly and philosophically discussed, we do not propose to dwell on it now, or to do more than incidentally allude to some of its bearings on the subject of the great technical question of the drainage of London. That question is sufficiently complicated in itself, without being at the very threshold mixed up with any political question; yet the solution of the numerous engineering problems of that great operation has been so sorely hindered by the tampering of recent administrations with the independence of local authorities, that frequent reference to the proper principles of municipal government must be made. Singularly enough, also, it has happened, that they who have, as we believe, attempted to vitiate the proper municipal organization of the country in general (including that of the metropolis itself), have also compromised themselves to a set of dogmas, with respect to engineering details, which are notoriously false. It thus happens that it is more than usually difficult to separate the discussion of the social, and of the scientific principles of the new school of municipal reformers; but we will endeavour, in this article at least, to deal only with the technical question, lately so prominent.

At the commencement of this century London was a populous and wealthy city, no doubt; but it was very far indeed from being the mighty agglomeration of men and houses it now is. Its population had increased, in the hundred and forty years, from the date of the great fire, from about 460,000 to 840,000; and at the peace of 1815, it had nearly reached a million. At the present day, London is supposed to contain 2,800,000 inhabitants, in round numbers; and the houses and dwellings of this marvellous aggregation of human beings have gradually extended themselves over so wide an area, as to justify, in sober sadness, the saying of the French traveller: that London was "a province covered with houses." And it is to be observed, that whilst the population and importance of the metropolis were thus rapidly increasing, its municipal organization remained for a long time stationary; or rather the only shadow of municipal self-government granted to the inhabitants of London was the narrow, and gradually expiring, corporation of the district specially styled "the City." The various parochial vestries, indeed, transacted the business connected with the formation, maintenance, lighting, and watching of the parish roads; and there were a number of heterogeneous commissions, named for the purpose of carrying into effect the adility of the suburbs, besides which, a number of turnpike trusts were created, for the erection of bridges, and

the formation of the great lines of thoroughfare. Until within a very recent period, the Commissioners of Sewers confined their attention to the special object for which they were incorporated, and limited their operations to the defence of the districts under their charge from the "raging waters" of the sea and of the rivers. The drains they formed to carry off the upland waters were only subsidiary parts of their works, and the very name of "*shores*," or "*sewers*," may be referred to, as an illustration of the manner in which words change their signification, or in which secondary duties at times may absorb those originally supposed to be primary. So, at least, it has happened in London, and in proportion as the ground behind the shore wall became covered with houses, did the importance of the function discharged by the surface, or by the underground, drains increase. About 1800, moreover, the introduction of the water-closet system gave rise insensibly to another change in the use of "*shores*," as the sewers were still commonly called; for previously to the universal application of that system, the *excreta* of the dwellers of London were received into cesspools, just as they are in most Continental cities at the present day. For some time, the municipal authorities strove to resist the extended application of this water-closet system, by forbidding, under heavy penalties, the communication between the cesspools, or the water-closets, and the "*shores*;" but the advantages of the system were too great to allow of its use being thus limited,—and before 1840, it may be considered that the complete change in the nature of the functions to be performed by the *shores* had been established. The name of the underground drains soon also became changed; and so rapidly did society forget the real derivation of the new term "*sewer*," that positively no reference, of a clear distinct nature at least, was made in the Metropolis Local Management Act to the maintenance of the river walls in the metropolitan districts, although the original sewers commissions were avowedly instituted for their special defence.

In all large towns, with whatever jealousy the fecal matter from houses may be excluded from the drains, it is known that the waters which find their way into the subterranean channels are nearly as impure as those which would flow from any water-closet. It is, of course, impossible to prevent the inhabitants from casting their waste waters into the kennels; and when these foul liquids come in contact with the waters which permeate the subsoil of town roads, charged as the latter waters must be in modern cities with the gases escaping from gas-pipes, or those furnished by the decompositions which must always be going on in such situations, they assume a very repulsive and

dangerous character. It was, in fact, principally on account of the conviction to which practically the French engineers were led, to the effect that town drainage was as noxious in every respect as town sullage, that they were induced of late years to modify their regulations, and to allow the overflows of cesspools to communicate at once with their drains. We, in England, had arrived at this conviction long before our neighbours; and, between 1820 and 1840, the ancient drains, or "shores" of London, were converted under the different local commissions to their new use. As might naturally have been expected, great differences of opinion prevailed amongst the members of these various commissions (who were rarely selected, be it observed, on account of their professional acquaintance with this particular branch of hydraulic engineering) with respect to the proper mode of constructing sewers and house drains; and as the districts of the original commissions had been defined with a view to the fulfilment of another public duty than the one they were thus called on to perform, it also often happened that there arose inconvenient discussions as to the limits of jurisdiction of the various bodies. Unquestionably, therefore, about 1840, a revision of the municipal government of the metropolis was required, to remedy the then existing complications, and to prevent their future development.

Instead, however, of reverting to the Anglo-Saxon principle of intrusting the management of local affairs to the freely and openly elected representatives of the parties directly interested, the Government of the day endeavoured to extend the influence of the Crown, by transferring all the powers exercised by the former unsatisfactory local commissions to a still more unsatisfactory nominee commission. This took place about the year 1844; but so badly did the new system work, that it was necessary to dissolve and remodel the executive commission, thus nominated, not less than six times between 1844 and 1856, when, finally, the principle of "local self-government" was, in name at least, applied under the clauses of Sir B. Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act. We are far from thinking that this act merited the applause it received at the time of its becoming law, nor can we regard it as a sincere application of the great constitutional principle on which it professes to be based; for the mode of election to, and the renewal of, the Metropolitan Board of Works appear to be ingeniously devised to render the responsibility of the members of that board to its constituents illusory. But the most mischievous part of the act was the one in which the First Commissioner of Works practically reserved to himself a veto upon all the important proceedings of the board; and it is necessary to relate some

details of the actual operations of some of the Crown-appointed commissions, before the whole force of this objection to the act of 1855 can be understood.

The inquiry into the working of the local commissions of sewers antecedent to 1840, instead of having been conducted openly and before Parliament, had been intrusted to a secret, Crown-appointed commission, and that commission was composed of men who notoriously entertained very peculiar opinions with respect both to administrative organization, and to engineering operations. In those days the public was not so well aware as it is now, of the shameless effrontery with which recent royal commissions falsified, tampered with, or suppressed, the evidence given before them; and, as the proceedings of those bodies took place with closed doors, no opportunity was afforded of contradicting their assertions, or of explaining anything which might have been said before them. The proceedings of the commissions for inquiring into the state of the metropolis and of large towns were especially liable to this accusation; and it would be difficult to find, in all the range of blue books, a publication more full of errors, or more liable to the accusation of bad faith, than the ponderous tomes which were supposed to contain the elements requisite to enable Parliament to form correct opinions on the various questions thus discussed. There was, however, no one able to contradict, authoritatively, the assertions of the men whose duty it had been to ascertain the truth; and, though Mr. Toulmin Smith even then protested against the fashionable mode of "cooking" reports, and against much of the legislation founded upon them, he was barely listened to by a few deep-reasoning lovers of our ancient municipal system. As a natural consequence, the measures which were presented to Parliament for the purpose of remedying the evils said to have existed, were designed to effect the objects of the men who presented them, and were drawn up in accordance with their theories. One of the most vital points of those theories was that local administration ought not to exist without the concurrent action of a strong central authority to guide and control it; and, therefore, the leading principle of the Public Health Bill and of the Metropolitan Sewers Acts of this period, was to throw the effective control of all sanitary works (as it then became the fashion to call sewerage, drainage, and water supply works) into the hands of the very men who had originated the cry against the former organization of the country. Thus it happened that the first Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was almost entirely composed of the friends of the men who originated the attack upon the former commissions of sewers!

However, the first Royal Metropolitan Commission of Sewers

was composed almost entirely of the persons who espoused the peculiar doctrine that the smaller a sewer was, provided it could discharge the total quantity of water it was likely to receive, the more certain it was of performing the duty it was designed to fulfil. In order to ensure the acceptance of this paradoxical dogma, it was essential to impugn all the received opinions on the subject of hydraulic science, and a Committee of Works was named for the purpose of collecting evidence to overthrow the philosophy of ages. Were it not that this committee wasted a very large sum of money in carrying on its experiments, this part of the history of the metropolitan administration might be regarded as a magnificent joke. It is a positive fact that an ordinary clerk of the works, a man who had been, it is said, a mere journeyman bricklayer, and who subsequently became a publican, was delegated to make experiments for the purpose of upsetting the hydrodynamical science ascertained by the practical and theoretical reasoning of such men as Galileo, Bossut, Dubuat, De Prony, Eytelwein, Young, Playfair, Navier, D'Aubuisson, Webster, &c. The result was as might have been expected, and the world was startled with the official announcement that in fact three-inch pipes were more fitted for house drainage purpose than four-inch ones, and that nothing was gained in the discharging power of a pipe by increasing its inclination beyond one in sixty.

These were the extreme illustrations of the fashionable theory of the early days of the "new lights" of engineering; but, unfortunately, they proceeded to apply their newly-discovered dogmas on a large scale. All the old-fashioned sewers were held up to public scorn, under the title of "sewers of deposit;" and the new-fashioned pipe sewers were by contradistinction called "self-cleansing sewers." Of course many of the old sewers were in a bad state when examined by the men who were so anxious "to make a case" against them; for they had been established with reference to an essentially different state of things to the one existing even in 1840, and the effects of time had not been favourable to them. But it must ever remain one of the inexplicable mysteries of the present age, that, with all our boasted march of intellect, we should have seen our Government actually endeavour to enforce the absurd and illogical doctrine that any description of pipe could be "self-cleansing." That doctrine is as ridiculous, if considered as a mere verbal or logical proposition, as it has proved to be false in fact. A pipe is not an active agent, and it is, therefore, physically impossible that it (the pipe) can be "self-cleansing." Practically, the small pipes introduced by the new

commissioners have proved failures, and they have been in almost all cases removed, after causing serious loss, and great inconvenience, to all the communities which were foolish enough to yield a blind adhesion to "authority" in engineering.

It required some years to convince the public that the parties who thus pretended to "revolutionize" the whole science of hydraulics, under the direct sanction of the Government, were themselves perfectly ignorant of the subject on which they pretended to dogmatize. But before this very desirable consummation had been attained, a series of squabbles (for it would be ridiculous to employ a higher or nobler word) had broken out amongst the selected representatives of the Crown. One royal Commission after another was dissolved, notwithstanding the character and the social influence of the men composing them. Unfortunately, it happened that Lord Palmerston, under the mischievous guidance of some of his irresponsible advisers, had adopted the peculiar views of the "new lights" of engineering; and thus it happened, that though everybody, who had an opportunity of watching the application of the new doctrines, had become convinced of their mischievous falsehood, the advocates of those doctrines were constantly able to upset any body of men who impugned their dicta, or departed from their practice. Every doctrine when attacked has a tendency to fall into exaggeration, and so it happened with that of the "new lights," until at last they propounded, under the very doubtful authority of Lord Palmerston, the startling proposition that a separation ought to be effected between the sewerage and drainage waters of the metropolis, properly so speaking, and that two sets of pipe drains ought to be laid down throughout London for this purpose. "The force of humbug could no further go;" and Sir B. Hall was keen enough to see that the remedy to the long saturnalia of Crown-appointed royal commissions of sewers lied in the transfer of the duties of the metropolitan aduleship from those nominees of the central administration, to the representatives of the ratepayers themselves. It was avowedly upon this principle that the liberal member for Marylebone introduced his Metropolis Management Act; but, unfortunately, he was not able to grasp all the true bearings of the principle he appealed to, and, though the Crown-nominated commissions were superseded by his new legislative enactment, the real representative system was ingeniously smothered by the provisions introduced in the act stated to affirm and apply it. Sir B. Hall inserted a clause in his very equivocal measure, by which the whole of the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works, as the new *quasi*-municipality was to be

called, were subjected, in fact, to the approval of the First Commissioner of Works; and as he himself, shortly after that measure had become law, passed to the office of First Commissioner, he practically became the dictator of the board he had called into legal existence.

This false piece of diplomacy has led to much of the dissatisfaction and heart-burning, of the uncertainty and delay, in the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works; for it opened the door to the intervention of private feeling, and soon brought the passions of influential individuals into collision. It so happened that the Metropolitan Board selected for its chief officers men who were unquestionably the most fitted amongst the candidates for the post to which they were respectively appointed, but who were not acceptable to the First Commissioner. When, therefore, the Metropolitan Board subsequently presented the scheme it had prepared, for the purpose of complying with the clause of its act imposing upon it the duty of preventing the future contamination of the Thames, the ill feeling which had been excited by the pretensions of the board thus to act independently was displayed. The first scheme of the intercepting sewers was rejected by Sir B. Hall, on the technical ground that it did not comply with the letter of the act, though it would have been extremely easy to have altered that letter had any sincere desire to co-operate with the Board existed in high official quarters. A long time was thus wasted, and then a second scheme was presented to the controlling power. This was referred to the examination of the hydrographical department of the Admiralty, who deputed Captain Burstal to make the necessary inquiries and reports. After going through the farce of making a few worthless float tests (to be noticed hereafter), Captain Burstal reported that the points of outfall proposed were too near London, and that the sewerage matters would be carried by the flood tides into the portions of the Thames within the boundaries of the metropolis. The second scheme was therefore rejected; and the Metropolitan Board, in despair, endeavoured to propitiate the autocrat of the Woods and Works by presenting a third scheme, modifying their original propositions so as to incorporate the opinions of Captain Burstal with those of their own engineer. Sir B. Hall, however, was not yet disposed to allow the representatives of the ratepayers London to exercise their judgment in a matter so important to them. He proceeded to refer the third scheme of the Metropolitan Board for the sewerage interception to three engineers selected by himself; and they naturally set aside the project their patron was so anxious to find fault with, suggesting in its stead a monstrous scheme of their own. Of course

the Metropolitan Board, in its turn, referred this substantial proposition from Sir B. Hall to its own engineer, assisted by the two most eminent men of the day; and the result was, as everybody must have foreseen, that not only was the project of Sir B. Hall's referees laughed out of court, but that several of the blunders of Captain Burstal were exposed, and a new or modified scheme, substantially like the second one presented by the Metropolitan Board, was recommended for final adoption.

Now we would observe that the most able observers have long since arrived at the conviction, that in funnel-shaped estuaries of tidal rivers (especially when those estuaries are situated at the confluence of great tide streams), there is a much more marked tendency on the part of the flood-tide to carry alluvial matters into the upper reaches of the river, than there is on the part of the ebb to remove those matters seaward. It has been proved that in the tidal portions of the rivers falling into the British Channel, for instance, the mud in the upper reaches was derived from the sea, not from the land; and when we reflect that the matter brought down from the upper basin of the Thames must be detained by the weirs and locks of that district, it must be more than usually evident that the tendency of the alluvial matters of its embouchure must be to move upwards. All the float tests in the world—that is to say, as float tests were conducted by our governmental authorities, or by the engineers of the Metropolitan Board—prove nothing in this matter; for the floats are, for the most part, designedly put in the mid-stream, whilst the movement of the alluvions can only be observed on its edge, or in the slack water—at the bottom, not on the top, or on the centre of gravity of the tide. Had Sir B. Hall's advisers known anything of the true philosophy of the business they were consulted upon, they would at once have told him, and the public, that it was a matter of indifference where the outfall of the London sewerage might be, if it were proposed simply to discharge that sewerage into the river as it usually arrives at the mouths of the sewers. Had they admitted the discharge, even within the area of the metropolitan district, on the condition of an effective disinfection of the waters, they would have suggested a practical and a reasonable course. But that course did not suit the peculiar views of the then "lord of the ascendant;" and it was, therefore, set aside, whilst the most absurd scheme that ever has been presented for the interception of the sewerage of London was submitted for the approval of the representatives of the ratepayers by the very man who was assumed to be capable of guiding and controlling them. Of course the Metropolitan Board refused to have anything to do

with the ridiculous nonsense thus attempted to be forced upon it, and there seemed to be every probability that the whole business of the Board would be brought to a dead lock, when, fortunately, a change of ministry occurred; and, what was more fortunate still, a period of intense heat set in. During the years between 1844 and 1858, every means had been tried, and with success, to enforce the substitution of water-closets for cesspools in the metropolitan district, the consequence being that year by year the Thames became fouler and fouler. At length, when the legislative enactments of Sir B. Hall and his friends had come to a dead lock, as we have seen above, the river, under some peculiar physical conditions, assumed a state so disgustingly repulsive, that even a reformed Parliament was obliged to make a show of acting vigorously in defence of the public interest.

It is essential to bear in mind that the state of the river Thames, bad as it was, by no means surpassed the state of many other rivers which had been made to receive the foul sewerage of large town populations. We ourselves happen to have examined, professionally, many towns and rivers, both at home and abroad, within this last twelve months; and most distinctly do we assert, that the difference between the foul smell of the rivers of Paris, Brussels, Gand, Antwerp, Liege, Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, Lyons, &c., and that of the Thames, was not greater than might have been expected from the arithmetical proportions of the populations living on their banks. Nay more; we know that in such towns as Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, where there actually exists no sewerage properly so speaking, the natural water-course of the valley is, comparatively, as foul as the Thames ever was, all things considered. In fact, the drainage, or sewerage, waters of a town, ought always to be disinfected before being cast into the natural water-courses; and the great defect of all recent agitation on this subject has been precisely in the neglect of this precaution of the simplest kind. The debate in London has of late turned principally upon the number of inhabitants to be provided for, and the dimensions and point of outfall of the intercepting sewers; but it is more than questionable whether the interception will not, even upon the most moderate calculation, be carried into effect on a scale far greater than is necessary, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to the question of disinfection. Other towns should take warning by what has happened in the metropolis, and before urging the adoption of measures which, directly or indirectly, must lead to the increased pollution of the natural outfalls of their district, they should take care to apply a system of disin-

fection to their sewerage. The result of the operations at Leicester has certainly been such as to prove that it is possible, practically, to remove the foulest matters so brought down; but it is essential to add that, commercially, these operations have been failures. Disinfection at present must cost a great deal of money; and the impudent quacks who have so long dinned into the ears of the public, that "thousands of tons of town guano are annually cast into the sea," have carefully kept out of sight the important considerations of the commercial value of that guano, and of the cost of obtaining it. Cost what it may, however, the obligation upon every community to do its utmost to prevent the discharge of its sewerage from becoming a nuisance, must be the same; and it becomes, therefore, the more urgent to direct attention to this branch of the inquiry.

In the course of the discussions which have taken place, either at the Metropolitan Board of Works, or in Parliament (for the dispute between the First Commissioner of Works and the newly constituted municipal body had arrived at such a point as to render it necessary to appeal to higher arbitration), very little was said with respect to the disingenuous attempt which had been made by those who had originated the Metropolis Management Act, to vitiate the principle on which that act was founded. But unquestionably the delay in the commencement of the London intercepting sewers was solely attributable to the attempt to enforce the submission of the Metropolitan Board to the control of the central Government; and without dwelling for the moment on the technical part of the dispute, we cannot but rejoice that the legislature should at length have retraced its steps in this matter. In fact, the representative character it had been intended to give the board, ought to have ensured its independence in technical matters of the control of a particular minister, who, be it observed, is rarely selected on account of his knowledge of business, but rather on account of his political influence. The municipal organization so much talked of, either meant something, or it meant nothing; and in either case the anomalous state of affairs produced by Sir B. Hall's act and his subsequent conduct, must have been put an end to. Fortunately the new ministry determined to make the powers of the Metropolitan Board realities, and in the act they passed last session, and to which they referred in the Queen's speech, the whole question of dealing with the ædility of London was handed over to that board, with full authority to act upon its own responsibility to its constituents, and to raise the necessary funds for the execution of the works it might consider requisite. It is for the inhabitants of London now, to select proper representatives,

and to call for the modifications which experience may dictate in the election and renewal of the board charged with the defence of its interests, and the discharge of the municipal functions of this wonderful agglomeration of houses.

Since the Metropolitan Board has thus become substantially independent, it has settled the manner in which the intercepting sewers are to be designed, by adopting the scheme contained in Messrs. Hawksley, Bidder, and Bazalgette's report upon the counter-project of Sir B. Hall's referees. And here we cannot but remark, that it is strange that the economical members of the House of Commons should not have protested against the payment of more than £8,000 for the latter document, which proves to be so utterly beneath contempt, that none dares to utter a word in defence of its mathematical and engineering blunders.

However, the Board have finally decided to revert as nearly as possible to the scheme originally submitted to Sir B. Hall two years ago, adding simply the works necessary for constantly disinfecting the sewerage. This is the common sense of the whole business; but it is mortifying to find, that, after two years' delay, and a great number of elaborate and costly investigations, the public should find itself just where it started. Perhaps the destruction of the controlling power of the central Government may be cheaply purchased at this rate; but evidently that is all we have gained by the delay in remedying the foul state of our river.

In the above remarks nothing has been said about the "manias"—for they are not worthy even of the name of "fancies"—of those who talk of disposing of the London sewerage by means of absorbing wells, or, in prettier terms, of "the sewerage being due to the land, and the water to the river." Absurd as these manias are, they have been adopted by persons whose position has given their opinions undue weight, and so it may be worth while alluding to them. Now, as to absorbing wells, the answer is,—that, firstly, the effect of pouring the London sewerage into any of the absorbent strata near London, would be to contaminate all the deep-seated wells; and the importance of these wells may be judged of by the fact, that they are supposed to yield twenty million gallons of water a day for the use of the metropolis. Secondly, the answer would be, that the practical result of the working of all large absorbing wells is, that they rapidly choke up; and Mr. Leslie's assertions on this subject are directly in opposition to the facts of the case. Then as to "the sewerage being due to the land," the answer is, will the land pay for it? Hitherto, sewerage irrigation has failed; but even had it succeeded in

small country districts, the case is very different with the metropolis. Where is the London sewerage to be used? Who is to pay for applying it? Until these questions be solved, it would be absurd to make arrangements for pumping the sewerage over lands; yet, meanwhile, we must keep it out of the Thames, as we value our lives. With respect to the diversion of the rain water, we would simply observe, that the proportion borne by the total rain-fall of the metropolitan area in the course of a whole year, would be so insignificant, in comparison with the quantity of water brought into the tidal part of the Thames by the flood-tides, as to render its presence, or its absence, a matter of the most utter indifference. But the finally adopted intercepting scheme in no wise proposes to divert the rain-fall from the river, it only pours it into the Thames a little below London, in such a state as to be practically innocuous. On some future occasion we may revert to the consideration of the modern system of town drainage; but, at present, it may suffice to state, that the result of the countless experiments, and the costly failures of late years, has simply been to confirm in the minds of all honest, capable inquirers, the doctrines of the ancient professors of hydraulic science, and to remove the crude fancies of the new school of amateur engineers to the limbo of still-born theories, and of mischievous quackery. The report and evidence upon Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's scheme for cleansing the Thames, has not indeed been yet officially published; a notice of it will enable us to discuss many questions of detail we have been compelled to dismiss here in a very summary manner.

It only remains for us to add, that the various official publications we have referred to at the head of this article, must be consulted with great suspicion. The covers of books issued by authority unfortunately inspire great confidence in the theories those books may contain; but the first lesson to be learnt from the perusal of modern blue books, especially, is that the mere fact of anything being contained in them is *a priori* evidence against its correctness. It would be impossible to appreciate the mischief done by recent publications of this description; and for the credit of the scientific reputation of the country, some vigorous measures ought to be adopted to check such a wholesale system of propagation of error. The inhabitants of London have, fortunately for themselves, shaken off the incubus of official science and official guidance. Those evils still subsist for country districts, in the shape of boards of health, registrars, committees of Privy Council, &c.; and we may witness a renewal of the past follies of the extinct General Board of Health, if the public should not insist on the return to the

ancient system of local self-government, and to the old law of the land, instead of the centralizing measures, and the empirical legislation of late years. As to the fate of the river Thames, we have a firm conviction that, if the Board of Works fearlessly carry out the system of intercepting sewerage it has adopted, it will ultimately solve the great problem proposed for its consideration—at what cost we do not pretend to say. It must be frightful; but whatever it may be, it must be met, nor can the dwellers of London expect to enjoy the advantages of their wonderful state of civilization without supporting its charges.

ART. II.—DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Travels in North and Central Africa; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Government in the years 1849—1855. By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. In Five Volumes. London: Longman & Co.

Much of what is contained in the capacious volumes of this elaborate but absorbing work, has already appeared in fragments from time to time, either in the journals of the Royal Geographical Society, or in the pages of favoured English and German periodicals. Dr. Richardson's journal, too, details more copiously than the present work the events connected with the expedition as far as Tegel, the point at which the travellers separated. But it is only within the last few weeks that the entire set of volumes have been published, and these contain a body of information, for extent and variety, unsurpassed by the narratives of any previous explorer. Instead, therefore, of offering a comparative review of the work, we think we cannot do better than give a rapid analysis of Dr. Barth's journey, and fill in occasionally the scanty outlines with ampler descriptions of the natural features of the countries Dr. Barth passed through, and of the habits, customs, religion, and industries of the races which inhabit them.

In the year 1849 the British Government determined upon sending an expedition into Central Africa for the purpose of exploring the country, and at the same time establishing friendly intercourse with the chiefs and rulers of its different territories. At the head of the expedition was placed Mr. Richardson, a gentleman who had acquired considerable expe-

rience of African travel, having penetrated into the interior as far as Ghât. The Government also signified their wish that two foreign gentlemen should join in the hazardous enterprise, and Drs. Barth and Overweg having volunteered their services, both were accepted. Perhaps the reputation which the former had won in Europe as an explorer of the territories lying along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, might have influenced Lord Palmerston, the organizer of the expedition, in his selection. Already the German professor had travelled around the Great Syrtis—had visited the picturesque little kingdom of Cyrenaica—had traversed the waste-howling wilderness beyond towards Egypt—had wandered in the desert valleys between Aswân and Kaser, and had pursued his way by land through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople. These were arduous and perilous exploits, and it would have been difficult to have refused to so adventurous a knight-errant the privilege of joining an expedition fitted out under the auspices of the British Government, and destined to enjoy that protection which the British name can confer upon British subjects, even in the remotest parts of Central Africa. A boat, with a sailor to manage it, was also attached to the expedition, in order to give full scope to the object of exploration. The mariner, however, did not seem to relish the “ship of the desert;” he became troublesome to the mission, and was accordingly sent back before he had traversed the kingdom of Fezzan. The little craft, though somewhat unmanageable on the backs of camels—it was divided into four parts for facility of conveyance—was carried throughout the difficult and circuitous road by Murzuk, Ghât Air, and Zinder, exciting the wonder and astonishment of all the tribes of the interior, and ultimately reached its destination, having been launched on the lake Tsad, whereby its director, Dr. Overweg, was enabled to make more effectually the survey of that extensive and interesting sheet of water.

The starting point of the expedition was Tripoli, which, it will be seen, on looking at a map of Africa, ensures the least breadth of country, and is the most direct road into the interior; and everything being ready on the 29th of March, 1850, the expeditionary party commenced its journey southward, accompanied for some distance by the British and American consuls, and several hospitable Englishmen, residents in that Mussulman city. Although previous travellers had shorn the adventure of much of its mystery and peril, yet there was sufficient danger in the excursion to make the parting friends shake hands warmly, and even to look wistfully into each other's face as though for the last time. There were trackless deserts to be

traversed ; mountain-ridges to be crossed ; torrents to be waded through ; sand-storms to be dreaded ; a sultry climate to be guarded against ; and above all, there were hostile and treacherous tribes to be encountered. To these physical dangers might be added the constant vigilance, which would have to be maintained, and the mental anxiety arising from the difficulties of the journey, and the responsibilities of the undertaking.

However, in the highest spirits, and with the most lively hopes, the little caravan set out. From Tripoli to Murzuk and beyond as far down as the territory of Air, the features of a rocky and sandy desert, full of ruin and desolation, with occasional patches of verdure and shady palm-groves, prevailed. Here and there the signs of former greatness and prosperity were visible in the existence of a sculptured stone or a floriated frieze ; and it was not until the company had arrived as far south as Ugrefe, that the last Roman monument, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and covered with Tefinagh or Berber writing, was left behind. It is a remarkable fact, that several years before the Christian era the Romans had extended their empire in every part of this region—a dominion which was not merely of a transient nature, as the monuments above mentioned clearly prove. But the real difficulties of the journey were first experienced below Murzuk. The Azkar, who inhabit these districts, are by no means inclined to allow the traveller to pass unmolested ; in fact, they often throw themselves into a most unpleasant and menacing attitude ; and in proportion as they are influenced by fanaticism are they intolerant and persecuting. The monotony of the passage across stony plains was sometimes, however, relieved by the meeting of a caravan, principally of slaves, trudging northwards to the markets of Fezzan and Tripoli ; or by the sight of a talha-tree, or a dum-palm, or a flock of blue-eyed gazelles, or singular sculptures cut in the rocks of the desert. A scarcity of water, the fatigue consequent on threading a mountain pass, the rumour of danger, also diversified the dreary sameness of the journey ; whilst the explorer would now and then wander astray in search of new scenes and undiscovered views, and risk, by way of excitement, the chance of retracing his steps to the tents of his companions. On more than one occasion Dr. Barth was on the point of dying from exhaustion in the desert, having in the heat of his zeal pushed forward alone until he failed to trace back the route he had pursued. Valleys, oases, and villages were also passed, enlivening the sight ; chieftains had to be saluted and propitiated with gifts ; manners and customs of the various tribes, encountered at long intervals, had to be studied ; the height of hill-ranges had to be ascertained ; notes of the day to be entered ; the camels and

their drivers to be looked after; quarrels to be adjusted; the preparations for the morrow attended to; and a variety of other duties performed daily before the caravan could be started in the morning, or repose obtained in the evening.

In this way did Dr. Barth and his companions journey on for two months. At length the town of Bârakat, with its date groves, contented inhabitants, and its plantation of dukhn, or Guinea corn, seemed to indicate the closer and more intimate connexion of the region with Negroland; of a transition from the north to the south. In fact, this little capital exhibited signs of tranquillity and consequent prosperity, which the travellers had scarcely witnessed before. The houses, which numbered about two hundred, were all of two or three stories high, built with great regularity, and presented a neat and pretty appearance, the clay of which they were constructed being nicely polished. The interior was decorated with palms, whilst in the neighbourhood vegetables were cultivated, and the gardens carefully fenced in with the leaves of the same tree. Happiness seemed to reign, with every necessary comfort, in this delightful little grove. Cottages built of palm-branches and palm-leaves, and containing several apartments, formed a kind of suburb, in which dwelt Imghad or Meràtha, a subjected tribe, somewhat similar to the Helots of Sparta. A great many of the men at the time of Dr. Barth's visit seemed to be busy elsewhere; but the huts were full of children, and almost every woman carried an infant at her back. The inhabitants are all black, but well-formed, and infinitely superior to the mixed race of Fezza. The men wore in general blue shirts, and a black shawl round the face; the women were only dressed in the turkedi, or sudan-cloth, wound round their body, and leaving the upper part uncovered.

As the travellers descended farther south, the dangers of the road seemed to increase. The Azkar, a warlike and predatory horde, pressed upon their track, and threatened to assault them. The native servants belonging to the mission, instead of resisting, encouraged their insolence, until at length, when the caravan had reached as far as the defiles of the mountains of Asben, it appeared as though the last hour of the three travellers was at hand. Everywhere blackmail had been levied upon them by the frontier tribes, and now they were to be still further sacrificed.

"The whole affair had a very solemn appearance from the beginning; and it was apparent that this time there were really other motives in view besides that of robbing us. Some of our companions evidently thought that here, at such a distance from our homes and our brethren in faith, we might yield to a more serious attack upon

our religion, and so far were sincerely interested in the success of the proceeding; but whether they had any accurate idea of the fate that awaited us, whether we should retain our property and be allowed to proceed, I cannot say. But it is probable that the fanatics thought little of our future destiny; and it is absurd to imagine that, if we had changed our religion as we would a suit of clothes, we should have thereby escaped absolute ruin.

"Our people, who well knew what was going on, desired us to pitch only a single tent for all three of us, and not to leave it, even though a great many people should collect about us. The excitement and anxiety of our friend Annur had reached the highest pitch; and Bóro was writing letter after letter. Though a great number of Merábetin had collected at an early hour, and a host of other people arrived before sunset, the storm did not break out; but as soon as all the people of our caravan, arranged in a long line close to our tent, under the guidance of the most respected of the Merábetin as Imám, had finished their Mughreb prayers, the calm was at end, and the scene which followed was awful.

"Our own people were so firmly convinced that, as we stoutly refused to change our religion, though only for a day or two, we should immediately suffer death, that our servant Mohammed, as well as Mukni, requested us most urgently to testify, in writing, that they were innocent of our blood; Mr. Richardson himself was far from being sure that the sheikhs did not mean exactly what they said. Our servants, and the chiefs of the caravan, had left us with the plain declaration that nothing less than certain death awaited us; and we were sitting silently in the tent, with the inspiring consciousness of going to our fate, in a manner worthy alike of our religion, and of the nation in whose name we were travelling among these barbarous tribes, when Mr. Richardson interrupted the silence which prevailed, with these words: 'Let us talk a little: we must die; what is the use of sitting so mute?' For some minutes death seemed really to hover over our heads; but the awful moment passed by. We had been discussing Mr. Richardson's last propositions for an attempt to escape with our lives, when, as a forerunner of the official messenger, the benevolent and kind-hearted Slimán rushed into our tent, and with the most sincere sympathy stammered out the few words, 'You are not to die.'"

At length, after being plundered on the road, which reduced considerably the property they were carrying with them as gifts for the various petty sovereigns of these regions, the expedition arrived at Tintellust, a city in the southern districts of Air. Now the travellers began to breathe freely; their letters home assured their friends that most of the difficulties likely to oppose their progress had been overcome, and that they had every reason to hope that the objects of the expedition would be ultimately obtained. Dr. Barth, anxious to explore the country towards the south-west, separated from his companions, and

made for the town of Agades, the residence of the sultan El Bákiri. The first part of the journey was performed on the back of an ox, but this kind of riding being novel and perplexing, Dr. Barth was glad to purchase, on his arrival at the village of Tiggererasa, a camel, with which he proceeded more at his ease.

Agades is a somewhat important town, the Tawátiye being, like their ancestors three hundred years ago, the chief merchants of the place. Speculation in grain is now the principal business transacted, other branches of commerce having been diverted into other channels. To Dr. Barth, however, on entering, the place looked deserted; the streets and market-places were empty; the dwelling houses in decay; whilst numbers of large vultures, distinguished by their long naked neck of reddish colour, and their dirty-greyish plumage, were sitting on the pinnacles of the crumbling walls ready to pounce upon any kind of offal. The house of the sultan was of a different stamp; it had a neat and orderly appearance; the walls were nicely polished; the gate made of planks of the dúm-tree had been covered in, and a new door had recently been supplied. The interior of the house is well described by Dr. Barth, on the occasion of his interview with the chief:—

“We seated ourselves apart on the right side of the vestibule, which, as is the case in all the houses of this place, is separated from the rest of the room by a low balustrade about ten inches high. Meanwhile Maggi had announced us to his majesty, and, coming back, conducted us into the adjoining room, where he had taken his seat. It was separated from the vestibule by a very heavy wooden door, and was far more decent than I had expected. It was about forty or fifty feet in every direction, the rather low roof being supported by two short and massive columns of clay, slightly decreasing in thickness towards the top, and furnished with a simple abacus; over which one layer of large boards was placed in the breadth, and two in the depth of the room, sustaining the roof, formed of lighter boards. These are covered in with branches, over which mats are spread, the whole being completed with a layer of clay. At the lower end of the room, between the two columns, was a heavy door giving access to the interior of the house, while a large opening on either side admitted the light. Abd-el-Kaderi, son of the sultan El Bákiri, was seated between the column to the right and the wall, and appeared to be a tolerably stout man with large benevolent features, as far as the white shawl wound round his face would allow us to perceive. The white colour of the litham, and that of his shirt, which was of grey hue, together with his physiognomy, at once announced him as not belonging to the Tawarek race.”

The sultan of Agades exercises but a precarious power, and is subject to the caprices of the Tawarek chieftains, under his

sway. However, in addition to a common prison in which he can confine rebellious princes, he possesses a terrible dungeon, bristling with swords and spears standing upright, upon which he has the privilege to throw any offender he pleases. The inhabitants of the place, who number about seven thousand, belong to the tribe of the Igдален or Eghedel, and differ from the Tawarek in several particulars. They are tall, with broad coarse features, and with long hair hanging down upon their shoulders and over their face. Their mode of buying and selling is also peculiar, for the price is neither fixed in dollars nor in shells, but either in merchandise of various descriptions, such as calico, shawls, tobies, or in negro millet, which is the real standard of the market of Agades, while, during the period of its prosperity, the standard was apparently the gold of Gágho. The town possesses a vegetable, meat, and miscellaneous market. In the first, cucumbers and molukhia are amongst the staple provisions sold, whilst in the last, called Katángá, beads, necklaces, sandals, small oblong tin boxes for carrying charms, small leather boxes of peculiar shape and all possible sizes, and saddles, are exhibited for sale.

After a sojourn of nearly three weeks in this town, Dr. Barth prepared for his return, and, retracing his steps, eventually joined his companions again at Tin-Teggana, on the high road to Katsena. On their arrival at Tágelel, however, the travellers once more separated, and proceeded on their adventurous, but now apparently not perilous, journey, alone.

Beyond the inhospitable territory of Damerghu, the road lay through valleys, clad in rich vegetation; through dense forests, pasture-lands, and plains, abounding in wells. The villages also wore a more interesting and cheerful aspect; the enclosures of the huts being neatly fenced in, the majestic tamarind and tulip trees spreading their ample branches towards the sky, and plantations of cotton giving an air of industry and security to the surrounding country. The following extract will give the reader a fair idea of the character of one of these villages:—

“Thus we reached Gozenákko; and while my servants, Mohammed and Gatróni, went with the camel to the camping-ground, I followed my sturdy overseer to the village, in order to water the horse; for though I might have sent one of my men afterwards, I preferred taking this opportunity of seeing the interior of the village. It is of considerable size, and consists of a town and its suburbs, the former being surrounded with a ‘kissi,’ or close stockade of thick stems of trees, while the suburbs are ranged around, without any enclosure or defence. All the houses consist of conical huts, made entirely of stalks and reeds, and great numbers of little granaries were scattered among them. As it was about half-past two in the afternoon, the people were sunk in slumber or repose, and the well was left to our disposal; afterwards,

however, we were obliged to pay for the water. We then joined the caravan, which had encamped at no great distance eastward of the village, in the stubble-fields. These, enlivened as they were by a number of tall fan-palm, besides a variety of other trees, formed a very cheerful open ground for our little trading party, which, preparing for a longer stay of two or three days, had chosen its ground in a more systematic way, each person arranging his 'takruja,' or the straw sacks, containing the salt, so as to form a barrier, open only on one side, in the shape of an elongated horseshoe, in the recess of which they might stow away their slender stock of less bulky property, and sleep themselves, while, in order to protect the salt from behind, a light stockade of the stalks of Guinea corn was constructed on that side; for having now exchanged the regions of highway robbers and marauders for those of thieves, we had nothing more to fear from open attacks, but a great deal from furtive attempts by night."

Being now left alone to follow his own course, the object of Dr. Barth was to reach Kano, the centre of trade and industry in the Hausa country; and for that purpose, it was necessary to pass through Gazawa and Katsena. From Gazawa, however, he deviated a little to the north-west, to the important town of Tasawa, where he again met with his friend Overweg, and had an interview with the chief Annur, their former protector, who had arrived from Zinder. Of the moral character of the people of the district, a very unfavourable picture is drawn, though their dress was simple, and their habits cleanly. At Ktsena, an attempt is made by the governor, Mohammed Bello Yerima, to detain the stranger in his town; and however unpleasant the delay was to Dr. Barth, it enabled him to study more accurately the manners of the people, the character of the town, and the history of the country; which he has ably described in the narrative of his travels. He here felt the full discomfort of being in the hands of an unscrupulous and extortionate prince, and he only escaped by the intervention of some influential citizens, whose friendship he had acquired by the sacrifice of valuable gifts.

On February the 2nd, 1851, Dr. Barth entered Kano, a name that had been sounding in his ears for more than a twelvemonth; as it was regarded, not only as the centre of commerce, and a great storehouse of information, but as the point from which more distant regions might be successfully attempted. In fact, Dr. Barth's hope was, that he should be capable of penetrating from this grand *entrepôt* of trade and manufacture, in the direction of Adamawa, and that he might come upon some large stream, which would enable future expeditions to ascend by water into the heart of the country. This hope, we may venture to say at once, was fully realized.

Kano, as we have already remarked, is a place of great trade; and when the enterprising traveller passed through its streets, the sun, still tempered with morning freshness, shining overhead; the whole scene, with its vast variety of clay houses, huts, sheds, green open spaces, affording pasture for oxen; horses, camels, donkeys, and goats, in motley confusion; deep hollows, containing ponds, overgrown with water-plants, or pits, freshly dug up, in order to form the material for some new buildings; various and most beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom, particularly the fine symmetric gonda, or papaya, the slender date-palm, the spreading alléluba, and the majestic rimí, or silk cotton tree; the people in every variety of costume, from the naked slave up to the most gaudily-dressed Arab—all formed a most animated and striking scene.

The first visit was paid to the gado, or lord of the treasury, who had agreed to act as mediator between the traveller and the governor.

“His house was a most interesting specimen of the domestic arrangements of the Fúlbe, who, however civilized they may have become, do not disown their original character as ‘berroróji,’ or nomadic cattle-breeders. His courtyard, though in the middle of the town, looked like a farmyard, and could not be conscientiously commended for its cleanliness. Having, with difficulty, found a small spot to sit down upon without much danger of soiling our clothes, we had to wait patiently till his excellency had examined and approved of the presents. Having manifested his satisfaction with them by appropriating to himself a very handsome large gilt cup, which, with great risk, I had carried safely through the desert, he accompanied us on horseback to the ‘fáda,’ ‘lámórde,’ or palace, which forms a real labyrinth of courtyards, provided with spacious round huts of audience, built of clay, with a door on each side, and connected together by narrow, intricate passages; hundreds of lazy, arrogant courtiers, freemen, and slaves, were lounging and idling here, killing time with trivial and saucy jokes.

“We were first conducted to the audience-hall of the Ghaladíma, who, while living in a separate palace, visits the ‘jáda’ almost every day, in order to act in his important and influential office as vizier; for he is far more intelligent, and also somewhat more energetic than his lazy and indolent brother Othmán, who allows this excessively wealthy and most beautiful province, ‘the garden of Central Africa,’ to be ransacked with impunity by the predatory incursions of the Serki Ibam of Zinder, and other petty chiefs. Both are sons of Dabo and Shekara—the latter one of the celebrated ladies of Háusa, a native of Dáura, who is still living and has three other children, viz., a son (Makhmud) and two daughters, one of them named Fatima Záhar, and the other Sáretu. The governor was then eight-and-thirty, the Ghalaldima seven-and-thirty years of age. They were both stout and handsome men, the governor rather too

stout and clumsy. Their apartments were so excessively dark, coming from a sunny place, it was some time before I could distinguish anybody. The governor's hall was very handsome, and even stately for this country, and was the more imposing as the rafters supporting the very elevated ceiling were concealed, two lofty arches of clay, very neatly polished and ornamented, appearing to support the whole. At the bottom of the apartment were two spacious and highly-decorated niches, in one of which the governor was reposing on a 'gado,' spread with a carpet. His dress was not that of a simple Púllo; but consisted of all the mixed finery of Hausa and Barbary; he allowed his face to be seen, the white shawl hanging far below his mouth over his breast."

Dr. Barth, although suffering from weakness, yet now, having the anxiety of his mind calmed by the reception he had met with from the governor of the town, felt himself strong enough to sally forth through the different inhabited quarters on horseback, under the protection of a guide, and to enjoy from the saddle the manifold scenes of public and private life, of comfort and happiness, of luxury and misery, of activity and laziness, of industry and indolence, which were exhibited in the streets, the market-places, and in the interior of the courtyards. Here was a row of shops stored with articles of native and foreign produce, there a large shed, like a hurdle, in which were penned, as if they were sheep, half-naked, half-starved slaves, torn from their native homes, staring desperately upon the buyers, and anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In one place were to be seen all the necessaries of life, the wealthy buying the most palatable things for his table, the poor stopping, and looking ravenously upon a handful of grain; in another, a busy "máriná," or open terrace of clay, where was collected a number of dyeing pots and people busily employed in various processes of their handicraft: here a man stirring the juice, and mixing with the indigo some colouring in wood in order to give it the desired tint; there another drawing a shirt from the dye-pot or hanging it upon a rope fastened to the tree; there two men beating a well-dyed shirt, singing the while and keeping good time; further on, a blacksmith, busy with his rude tools in making a dagger, a barbed spear, or the more estimable and useful implements of husbandry; elsewhere might be seen men and women making use of an ill-frequented thoroughfare, as a "kaudi tseggenabe," to hang up along the fences their cotton-thread for weaving; close by might be seen a group of indolent loiterers lying in the sun, and idling away their hours. Caravans laden with natron, the kola nut, or the luxuries of the north and east, would also be wending their way to the quarter of Ghadamsiye, or a troop of gaudy,

warlike-looking horsemen galloping towards the palace of the governor to bring him news of a fresh invasion by one or another of the hostile neighbouring tribes. No town north of the Mediterranean could be more lively and active than Kano during the *season*.

But we must hasten from this scene of activity and bustle for the south, if we would make the circuit of the route accomplished by Dr. Barth. Before arriving at Kuka, or Kukáwa, the capital of the Bornu empire, the mournful intelligence reached him of the death of Mr. Richardson, the head of the mission. Independently of the sorrow he naturally felt for the loss of a comrade so far away from home, Dr. Barth had reason to fear that this untoward event would seriously affect the mission itself, and perhaps altogether break up the expedition, and this would certainly have been the case had the British Government not very properly recognised the services of Dr. Barth and his companion, Dr. Overweg, and authorized the former formally to continue the exploration. At Ngurutuwa, Mr. Richardson lies buried, and many a European pilgrim will doubtless, in years to come, step aside to visit the spot where the distinguished and chivalrous traveller breathed his last.

Kukawa had been made the first distinct object of the mission, and, therefore, Dr. Barth's safe arrival within its walls was naturally a subject of self-congratulation. From this central point he would be able to penetrate eastward, along the northern shores of Lake Tsad, and examine into the nature of the country and the character of the native tribes and their masters; he would perhaps be able to enter Wadai and Darfúr, and study the warlike habits of those two Soudan kingdoms; or he could continue his journey southward into the district of Adamaw, and examine into the water-courses which intersect that country.

But many matters had first to be arranged at Kukawa, and whichever route he resolved upon considerable preparations had to be made previous to his departure. However, Dr. Barth found, in the Sheikh Omar, an amiable and upright man, who steadfastly became his protector, assisted him when he had need of assistance, furthered all in his power the plans which he wished to carry out, and beguiled, in the spirit of a true friend, on many occasions, the hours which would otherwise have dragged wearily their slow length along. The aspect of the town of Kukawa, according to Dr. Barth, is far from being uninteresting,—the arrangement of the capital contributing greatly to the variety of the picture it forms. It is laid out in two distinct towns, each surrounded with its wall—the one occupied chiefly by the rich and wealthy, containing very

large establishments; the other, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare, which traverses the place from east to west, consisting of rather crowded dwellings, with narrow, winding lanes.

"These two distinct towns are separated by a space about half a mile broad, itself thickly inhabited, on both sides of a wide, open road, which forms the connexion between them, but laid out less regularly, and presenting to the eye a most interesting medley of large clay buildings and small thatched huts, of massive clay walls surrounding immense yards; the light fences of reeds, in a more or less advanced state of decay, and with a variety of colour, according to their age, from the highest yellow, down to the deepest black. All around these two towns there are small villages of clusters of huts, and large detached farms surrounded with clay walls, low enough to allow a glimpse from horseback over the thatched huts which they enclose.

"In this labyrinth of dwellings, a man interested in the many forms which human life presents, may rove about at any time of the day with the certainty of never-failing amusement, although the life of the Kanúri people passes rather monotonously along, with the exception of some occasional feasting. During the hot hours, indeed, the town and its precincts become torpid, except on market days, when the market-place itself, at least, and the road leading to it from the western gate, are most animated just at that time. For, singular as it is, in Kúkawa, as well as almost all over this part of Negroland, the great markets do not begin to be well attended till the heat of the day grows intense; and it is curious to observe what a difference prevails in this, as well as in other respects, between these countries and Yóruba, where almost all the markets are held in the cool of the evening.

"The daily little markets, or durriya, even in Kúkawa, are held in the afternoon, and are most frequented between the áser (lásari) and the mughreb (almagribu), or sunset. The most important of these durriyas is that held inside the west gate of the Billa Futébe; and here even camels, horses, and oxen, are sold in considerable numbers; but they are much inferior to the large fair, or great market, which is held every Monday on the open ground behind the two villages, which lie at a short distance from the western gate. Formerly it was held on the road to Ngórnu, before the southern gate; but it has been removed from thence, on account of the large pond of water formed during the rainy season close to this gate.

"I visited the great fair, 'kasukuleteninbe,' every Monday immediately after my arrival, and I found it very interesting, as it calls together all the inhabitants of all the eastern parts of Bórnu, the Shúwa, and the Koyam, with their corn and butter; the former, though of Arab origin, and still preserving in purity his ancient character, always carrying his merchandise on the back of oxen, the women mounted on the top of it, while the African Koyám employs the camel, if not exclusively, at least with a decided preference; the

Kanembú, with their butter and dried fish; the inhabitants of Mákari, with their toles (the kóre berné); even Budduma, or rather Yedina, are very often seen in the market, selling whips made from the skin of the hippopotamus, or sometimes even hippopotamus meat, or dried fish, and attract the attention of the spectator by their slender figures, their small, handsome features unimpaired by any incisions, the men generally wearing a short black shirt, and a small straw hat, 'suningawa,' their neck adorned with several strings of kúngona, or shells, while the women are profusely ornamented with strings of glass beads, and wear their hair in a very remarkable way, though not in so awkward a fashion as Mr. Overweg afterwards observed in the island Belárigo."

A great deal of business is carried on at Kukawa, although it is not a manufacturing town like Kano. In one part of the market the materials for house, or rather hut-building, are sold; in another, leathern bags containing corn, horses, camels, and asses; in a third, the merchandise of native and foreign manufacture, as the "amagdi" or tob, from Uje; the kóre or rébshi, the farash or "fetskema," the "selláma," as well as cloths, shirts, turkedis, beads of all sizes and colours, leather work, coloured boxes of different shape and size, very neatly and elegantly made of ox-hide. "Marketing" in Kúkawa, however, is a fatiguing and embarrassing matter. This is owing to the defective currency of the place, there being at the present moment no standard money for buying and selling. Anciently a pound of copper was the standard, then cotton-strips, and recently shells or cowries have been introduced, perplexing the inhabitants, as much as a change from the present to the decimal coinage would puzzle many an English accountant. We can, however, scarcely form an idea of the arduous task of calculating by cowries, 100,000 of this circulating medium going to make an equivalent of £8 in our money. What makes the counting of this money still more tedious is, that in all the inland countries of Central Africa the cowries, or kurdi, are not, as is customary in some regions near the coast, joined together in strings of one hundred each, but are separate, and must be counted one by one. Even the "takrufa," or sacks made of rushes, containing 20,000 each, as the governors of the towns are in the habit of packing them up, no private individual will take without first counting them out. The examination of 500,000 cowries—a task in which Dr. Barth once discovered his friend El Wakhshi engaged, at Tasawa—may be regarded in a heroic light as equal to one of the labours of Hercules.

Everything being in readiness for departure, Dr. Barth left Kúkawa for the south, and proceeded through the province of

Ghamergher, and the pagan districts of Marghi, densely inhabited by independent tribes, to Sulleri, the last halting-place before arriving at the "meeting of the waters:"—

"It happens but rarely that a traveller does not feel disappointed when he first actually beholds the principal features of a new country, of which his imagination has composed a picture, from the description of the natives; but although I must admit that the shape and size of the Alantíka, as it rose in rounded lines from the flat level, did not exactly correspond with the idea which I had formed of it, the appearance of the river far exceeded my most lively expectations. None of my informants had promised me that I should just come upon it at that most interesting locality—the Tépe—where the mightier river is joined by another of very considerable size, and that in this place I was to cross it. My arrival at this point, as I have stated before, was a most fortunate circumstance. As I looked from the bank over the scene before me, I was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the whole country on both sides. This is the general character of all the great rivers in these regions, except where they are encompassed by very steep banks.

"The principal river, the Bénéwé, flowed here from east to west, in a broad, majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty-five, and, in some places, to thirty feet, while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Fáro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me, in thought, upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantíka. The river, below the junction, keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north, ran along the northern foot of Mount Bágélé, and was there lost to the eye, but was followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Báchama and Zína to Hamárruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Korórofa, till it joined the great western river, the Kwára, or Niger, and conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean.

"On the northern side of the river another detached mountain, Mount Taife, rose, and behind it the Bengo, with which Mount Furo seemed connected, stretching out in a line towards the north-west. The bank upon which we stood was entirely bare of trees, with the exception of a solitary and poor acacia, about one hundred paces further up the river, while on the opposite shore, along the Fáro and below the junction, some fine clusters of trees were faintly seen."

The valuable information which Dr. Barth was enabled to collect on the direction, depth, and breadth of these two fine

streams was forwarded by him to the home Government, with a recommendation that an expedition should be sent out in a small steamer to verify his suppositions. This recommendation, it will be remembered, was attended to; and we already have had published the results of the survey.

After having visited Yola, the capital of Adamama, although in the face of many obstacles and much danger, Dr. Barth returned to Kukawa, to attempt, with his friend Dr. Overweg—who had been here some time exploring, with the little boat brought with so much trouble from England, the creeks and backwaters of the Lake Tsad—a journey round this splendid inland sea. The great object of this trip was to penetrate as far as Wadai, and ascertain how far the road might be open through Darfur to the sources of the Nile. But although under the friendly protection of the sultan of Kukawa, and escorted by the tribe of the Welad Sliman, a marauding set of freebooters, who roam about the territory of Kanem as a kind of mercenary horde, ready to enter the pay of any potentate who outbids his neighbour, it was found impracticable, owing to the hostile spirit of the Wadaïans, to penetrate farther east than the valley of Wagghda; during the excursion, however, much valuable and interesting information was gleaned, which supplies materials for several very pleasant chapters in the present work.

A more difficult and even dangerous journey was undertaken by Dr. Barth on his return to Kukawa. This enterprising traveller, having been baffled in effecting the circuit of the lake on the north, determined to advance into the Musgu territory on the south side, and gain if possible the region of Bigarmi. The journey was successfully accomplished as far as Logón Birni on the banks of the Shari, but no sooner had Dr. Barth crossed the river than he found himself in a suspicious and inhospitable territory, the authorities of which regarded him as a Christian with fanatical aversion, and during the absence of the sultan, who had gone out on a military or slave-hunting expedition, not only treated him harshly—refusing to allow him at his request to leave the country—but confined him to his house, and even went so far as to put him in irons. This indignity was removed after three days' endurance by the timely intervention of some influential friends who had come from Bornu, and on the return of the sovereign prince, he was not only permitted to proceed to Másená the capital, but was admitted to an audience.

“I had just sent word to Sambo, begging him to hasten my departure, and had received a visit from some friends of mine, when Gréma Abdú came, with a servant of the sultan, in order to conduct me into his presence, whereupon I sent to Sambo, as well as to my host

Bu-Bakr of Bákadá, who was just then present in the town, inviting them to accompany me to the prince. On arriving at the palace, I was led into an inner courtyard, where the courtiers were sitting on either side of a door which led into an inner apartment, the opening or doorway of which was covered by a 'kasar,' or, as it is called here, 'párpara,' made of a fine species of reed, as I have mentioned in my description of the capital of Logón. In front of the door, between the two lines of the courtiers, I was desired to sit down, together with my companions.

"Being rather puzzled to whom to address myself, as no one was to be seen who was in any way distinguished from the rest of the people, all the courtiers being simply dressed in the most uniform style, in black, or rather blue tobes, and all being bare-headed, I asked aloud, before beginning my address, whether the sultan 'Abd-el-Káder' was present; and an audible voice answered from behind the screen, that he was present. Being then sure that it was the sultan whom I addressed, although I should have liked better to have seen him face to face, I paid him my respects, and presented the compliments of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, which, being one of the chief European powers, was very desirous of making acquaintance with all the princes of the earth and of Negroland also; in order that their subjects, being the first traders in the world, might extend their commerce in every direction. I told him that we had friendship and treaties with almost all the nations of the earth, and that I myself was come in order to make friendship with them; for, although they did not possess many articles of trade to offer, especially as we abhorred the slave-trade, yet we were able to appreciate their ivory; and even if they had nothing to trade with, we wanted to be on good terms with all princes. I told him, moreover, that we were the best of friends with the sultan of Stambúl, and that all who were acquainted with us knew very well that we were excellent people, trustworthy, and full of religious feelings, who had no other aim but the welfare of mankind, universal intercourse, and peaceable interchange of goods. I protested that we did not take notes of the countries which we visited with any bad purpose, but merely in order to be well acquainted with their government, manners, and customs, and to be fully aware what articles we might buy from, and what articles we might sell to them. Thus, already, 'Ráis Khalil' (Major Denham) had formed, I said, the design of paying his compliments to his (the sultan's) father, but that the hostile relations which prevailed at the time between Bagírmi and Bórnu, had prevented him from executing his plan, when he had reached Logón, and that, from the same motives, I had now come for no other purpose than the benefit of his country; but that, nevertheless, notwithstanding my best intentions, I had been ill-treated by his own people, as they had not been acquainted with my real character. I stated that it had been my ardent desire to join him on the expedition, in order to see him in the exercise of his power, but that his people had not allowed me to carry out my design.

"The whole of my speech, which I made in Arabic, was translated,

phrase for phrase, by my blind friend Sambo, who occasionally gave me a hint when he thought I spoke in too strong terms. The parcel containing my presents was then brought forward, and placed before me, in order that I might open it myself, and explain the use of each article.

“ While exhibiting the various articles, I did not neglect to make the watch strike repeatedly, which created the greatest astonishment and surprise among the spectators, who had never seen nor heard anything like it. I then added, in conclusion, that it was my sincere wish, after having remained in this country nearly four months, confined and watched like a prisoner, to return to Kúkawa without any further delay, as I had a great deal of business there, and at the present moment was entirely destitute of means; but that if he would guarantee me full security, and if circumstances should permit, I myself, or my companion, would return at a later period. Such a security having been promised to me, and the whole of my speech having been approved of, I went away.”

Dr. Barth had scarcely returned to his quarters, when the two relations of Maina Belademi called upon him, and with a grave countenance and some circumlocution, asked if he had in his possession a cannon; and being answered in the negative, inquired, if he could not manufacture one? To this also only a negative could be returned. In gratitude for the presents already received, the sultan pressed on the acceptance of Dr. Barth a handsome female slave, of whose charms a glowing and eloquent description was at the same time given. This was not the first time a similar gift had been tendered to the traveller, no less than six having been offered by one African prince. The doctor urged the impossibility of his accepting the present, and only pressed for permission to return to Kúkawa. At length his request was granted, and he set out for the north, having had considerable opportunities of surveying the general condition of the country and its inhabitants, and describing their language, dress, arms, and government, as well as the vegetable productions of the soil. But the most important discovery made was the connexion of the river of Lagón with the Shari, which will, doubtless, hereafter prove one of the means of conveying the inestimable blessings of European civilization into the heart of Africa.

The return of Dr. Barth to Kúkawa was, however, to be attended with melancholy circumstances. At Ngornú, a short distance from the town, he was met by his friend Overweg, “ but looking more weak and exhausted than I had ever seen him.” Change of air and repose were prescribed for him. The former was sought for on the shores of the lake; but the latter, the restless spirit of the young adventurer repelled, and

within a week or so after Dr. Barth's return from Bagirmi, he died at Máduwári.

"In the afternoon I laid him in his grave," writes his companion, "which was dug in the shade of a fine hazilij, and well protected from beasts of prey. Many of the inhabitants of the place, who had known him well during his repeated visits to the village, bitterly lamented his death; and, no doubt, the 'tubib,' as he was called, will long be remembered by them. Dejected and full of sad reflections on my lonely situation, I returned into the town in the evening, determined to set out as soon as possible on my journey towards the Niger—to new countries and new people."

Dr. Overweg was only thirty years of age when he died.

The last, though not the least, important expedition which Dr. Barth undertook in Central Africa was now to be performed. Left to himself, he determined to carry out the wishes of the British Government, and penetrate, if possible, as far as Timbuktu, with a view to establish friendly relations with the sultan of Sokoto, and procure admission for European trade in the south-eastern districts of Africa. To gain this point he had to return as far north as Katsena, owing to the unsettled state of the country on the direct route between Kukawa and Sokoto; and to avoid giving offence to his friend the sultan of the capital of Bornu, who was at enmity with the sheikh of Kano, he had to leave that African Manchester on the left, and proceeded by way of Zinder, the capital of Western Bornu. Accordingly, with a train of seven servants, and an agent, he commenced his journey in November, 1852. The situation of Zinder, the first important station between Kukawa and Katsena, is peculiar and interesting. A large mass of rock rises abruptly within the area of the town on the west side, and, with some minor ridges which range outside, forms the sides of a capacious basin, in which water collects at a short depth below the surface, fertilizing a good number of tobacco fields, and giving to the vegetation around a richer character. This luxuriant picture is farther enhanced by several groups of date-palms, while a number of hamlets, or zangó, belonging to Tawarek chiefs, add greatly to the interest of the scene.

On setting out from Katsena our traveller had to make a great detour on account of a hostile army known to be on the road; but, by keeping a good look-out, marching at night, and sometimes showing a determined front, or diving deep into the forests of Gúndumi, he arrived, without further incident than the excitement of alarm, at Sokoto, where he visited the house in which Clapperton died, and obtained some interesting particulars respecting the unfortunate captain's death.

"It was the great market day, which was of some importance to me, as I had to buy a good many things, so that I was obliged to send there a sum of 7,000 shells; but the market did not become well-frequented or well-stocked till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, when I myself proceeded thither. I had taken a ride in the morning through the eastern quarter of the town, proceeding through the Kofa-n-Atiku, thence along the wall towards the west, and re-entered the town by the Kofa-n-Ali Jedu, where the quarter is very desolate, even the wall being in a state of decay, and the fine mosque built by the gedádo during Clapperton's stay here, fallen entirely to ruins. But even in the present reduced condition of the place, the market still presented a very interesting sight, the numerous groups of people, buyers as well as sellers, and the animals of various descriptions, being picturesquely scattered over the rocky slope. The market was tolerably well attended and well supplied, there being about thirty horses, three hundred head of cattle for slaughter, fifty takerkereing, or oxen of burden, and a great quantity of leather articles, especially leather bags, cushions, and similar articles; the leather dressed and prepared here being very soft and beautiful. A good many slaves were exhibited, and fetched a higher price than might be supposed—a lad of very indifferent appearance being sold for 33,000 shells; I myself bought a pony for 30,000 shells. It being just about the time when the salt caravan visits these parts, dates also, which usually form a small addition to the principal merchandise of those traders of the desert, were to be had; and I filled a leather bag for some 2,000 shells, in order to give a little more variety to my food on the long road which lay before me. I took another interesting ride through the Kófa-n-Dúnday, not following the direct road to that village, which is close to the junction of the Gulbi-n-Rima with the Gulbi-n-Raba, but not far from the decayed northern wall, and thus crossed a considerable channel, a branch of the river, full of water, being even at the present time about fifteen yards wide, and a foot and a half in depth, and then keeping away from the village reached the other branch, which was narrower but more richly bordered by bushes, and following it up in an easterly direction, reached the point of junction, or 'megangamu.' The whole valley here formed one uninterrupted rice-field."

Dr. Barth's object was now to reach the Niger at Say, and after visiting Gando, passing through the province of Kebbi, crossing its river, and pushing up the fertile but distressed valley of Fogha, where there are numerous salt lakes, he arrived on its banks on the 20th of June, 1853, and saw a noble unbroken stream seven hundred yards broad, gliding along in a north-easterly direction, with a moderate current of about three miles. Say is a great mart, and exhibited to the casual observer no small degree of industry in small handicrafts, and in the arrangement of the interiors of households. But it was a dear

place. Butter could scarcely be procured, while the black cloth of Gando, of which female apparel is made, realized a profit of eighty per cent.

Other manufactured articles, except those of Kano, were sold in the same proportion. This high rate of charge, however, depended on the state of feeling between Say and Haúsa; and it so happened that at the time of Dr. Barth's visit the communication between the one town and the other had been interrupted by hostile demonstrations. "For the English or Europeans in general," observes Dr. Barth, "Say is the most important place in all this tract of the river, if they ever succeed in crossing the rapids which obstruct its passage above Rabba, and especially between Busa and Yauri, and reaching this fine open sheet of water, the great high-road of Western Central Africa."

Crossing the Niger, which here makes a considerable bend northward, Dr. Barth directed his course through the provinces of Gurma, Yagha, Libtako, Arabinda, and Tondi, to the Futta branch of the river, which joins that majestic stream a considerable distance above Kábara, the port of Timbuktu. In the territory of Yagha, Dr. Barth saw the rude smelting furnaces of the natives. They were very primitive, wood ashes being laid upon the iron ore, and a slight trough dug to receive the metal when melted. Signs of industry were here and there visible, as at Say, in the neatness of the huts, some of which had sticks suspended from the roof for weaving. The inhabitants also offered leather writing-cases and baskets for domestic purposes for sale. As he continued his journey, he found that there was danger to be apprehended from the fanaticism of the people, and as soon as he entered the territory of Songhay, he represented himself, at the instigation of an Arab under whose protection he had placed himself, to be a sheriff carrying books from the East to the sheikh. This stratagem succeeded, and the points of one hundred and fifty spears, which had been raised against him on the rumour that he was a Christian, were dropped, and in turn his blessing is begged for by the bearers. However, his race and religion were still occasionally suspected, and he had on one occasion to repeat the first verse of the Koran to avoid the storm that was brewing. However, he escaped fortunately all these perils, reached the branch river at Futta, rejoined the Niger at the extensive island of Kora, lying at the confluence of the two streams, and entered Timbuktu in September, 1853. Dr. Barth was destined, however, to experience in this city trials even more depressing and harassing than those he had experienced in the Bagirmi territory, which he attributes to the want of a sufficient firman from

the sultan of Stamboul. Whilst protected by one chief, he is threatened with death by his rival, whilst, after a time, the berabish, who had murdered Major Laing, spread the rumour about that he was thirsty again for the blood of the white-faced stranger. The fact is, that the Arab under whose guidance he had placed himself proved treacherous, and the day after his arrival at Timbuktu, Dr. Barth learned to his surprise that Hammadi, the rival of the sheikh, had proclaimed to the Fulbe that he was a Christian, and they accordingly resolved to kill him.

"I was not allowed to stir about, but was confined within the walls of my house. In order to obviate the effect of this want of exercise as much as possible, to enjoy fresh air, and at the same time to become familiar with the principal features of the town, through which I was not allowed to move about at pleasure, I ascended, as often as possible, the terrace of my house. This afforded an excellent view over the northern quarters of the town. On the north was the massive mosque of Sankoré, which had just been restored to all its former grandeur, through the influence of Sheikh el Bakay, and gave the whole place an imposing character. Neither the mosque Sidi Yahia, nor the great mosque, or Jingéro-ber, was seen from this point; but towards the east, the view extended over a wide expanse of the desert, and towards the south, the elevated mansions of the Ghadamsyè merchants were visible. The style of the buildings was various. I could see clay houses of different characters—some low and unseemly, others rising with a second story in front, to greater elevation, and making even an attempt at architectural ornament, the whole being interrupted by a few round huts of matting. The sight of this spectacle afforded me sufficient matter of interest, although, the streets being very narrow, only little was to be seen of the intercourse carried on in them, with the exception of the small market in the northern quarter, which was exposed to view, on account of its situation on the slope of the sand hills, which, in course of time, have accumulated round the mosque. But while the terrace of my house served to make me well acquainted with the character of the town, it had also the disadvantage of exposing me fully to the gaze of the passers-by, so that I could only slowly, and with many interruptions, succeed in making a sketch of the scene thus offered to my view."

Although confined to his house, Dr. Barth made such observations as enabled him to take a good survey of the town, which subsequent investigation served to confirm. The number of the population the learned traveller estimates at 13,000; but this refers simply to the regular residents of the place, and does not include the casual thousands, whom trade and commerce attract to its gates. A circumference of two miles and a half, or three miles, taking into consideration the projecting angles, for the city forms a triangle, embraces the

whole town, which, unlike many other African places of importance, is built principally of clay, there being 980 clay houses, and about 200 conical huts of matting. The interior is laid out partly in rectangular, partly in winding streets, or, as they are here called, says Dr. Barth, "tijeráten," which are not paved, but for the greater part consist of hard sand and gravel; and some of them have a sort of gutter in the middle. Besides the large and small market, there are few open areas, except a small square in front of the mosque Yahia, called Tumbutubottéma. Small as it is, the city is tolerably well inhabited, and almost all the houses are in good repair. It is situated only a few feet above the average level of the river, and at a distance of about six miles from the principal branch.

We should fail in our duty were we to close a notice of this description without alluding in some degree to the trade and commerce of a town like Timbuktu.

"The great feature which distinguishes the market of Timbuktu," to make use of the words of the original narrative, "from that of Kano, is the fact that Timbuktu is not at all a manufacturing town, while the emporium of Hausa fully deserves to be classed as such. Almost the whole life of the city is based upon foreign commerce, which, owing to the great northerly bend of the Niger, finds here the most favoured spot for intercourse, while, at the same time, that splendid river enables the inhabitants to supply all their wants from without; for native corn is not raised here in sufficient quantities to feed even a very small proportion of the population, and almost all the victuals are imported by water carriage from Sansandi and the neighbourhood. The only manufactures carried on in the city, as far as fell under my observation, are confined to the art of the blacksmith, and to a little leather-work. Some of these articles, such as provision or luggage bags, cushions, small leather pouches for tobacco, and gun cloths, especially the leather bags, are very neat. . . . The people of Timbuktu are very expert in the art of adorning their clothing with a fine stitching of silk, but this is done on a very small scale, and even these shirts are only used at home. There is, however, a very considerable degree of industry exercised by the natives of some of the neighbouring districts, especially Fermagha, who produce very excellent woollen blankets and carpets of various colours, which form a most extensive article of commerce with the natives. The foreign commerce has especially three great high-roads: that along the river from the south-west, which comprises the trade proceeding from various points, and

two roads from the north—that from Morocco on the one hand, and that from Ghadames on the other. In all this country, gold forms the chief staple, although the whole of the amount of the precious metal exported from this city appears exceedingly small, if compared with a European standard. It, probably, does not exceed an average of £20,000 sterling a year. The gold is brought either from Bambuk or Buré, but from the former place in larger quantities. . . . The next article that forms one of the chief staples in Timbuktu, and in some respects even more so than gold, is salt, which, together with gold, formed articles of exchange all along the Niger from the most ancient times. The trade in salt, on a large scale, as far as regards Timbuktu, is entirely carried on by means of the ‘turkedi,’ or the cloth for female apparel, manufactured in Kano, the merchants of Ghadames bartering in the market of Arawan six ‘turkedi,’ or ‘melhafa,’ for nine slabs, or ‘hajra,’ of salt, on condition that the Arabs bring the salt ready to market, or twelve, including the carriage to Taödenni. . . . The guro or kôla nut which constitutes one of the greatest luxuries of Negroland, is also a most important article of trade. Possessing this, the natives do not feel the want of coffee, which they might so easily cultivate to any extent, the coffee plant seeming to be indigenous to many parts of Negroland. The chief produce brought to the market of Timbuktu consists of rice and negro-corn, but I am quite unable to state in what quantities. Besides these articles, one of the chief products is vegetable butter, or maikadéña, which, besides being employed for lighting the dwellings, is used most extensively in cooking as a substitute for animal butter, at least by the poor classes of the inhabitants. Smaller articles, such as pepper, ginger, and sundry other articles are imported. A small quantity of cotton is also brought into the market. With regard to European manufactures, the road from Morocco is still the most important for some articles, such as red cloth, coarse coverings, sashes, looking-glasses, cutlery, and tobacco; white calico especially, bleached as well as unbleached, is also imported by way of Ghadames, and in such quantities of late that it has excited the jealousy of the Morocco merchants.”

Referring to the important position of Timbuktu, Dr. Barth observes :—

“This much is certain, that an immense field is here opened to European energy to revive the trade which, under a stable government, formerly animated this quarter of the globe, and which might again flourish to a great extent. For the situation of Timbuktu is of the highest commercial importance, lying, as it does, at the point where the great river of Western Africa, in a serpent-like winding,

approaches most closely to that outlying and most extensive oasis of 'the far West'—Mághreb el Aksa of the Mohammedan world—I mean Tawát, which forms the natural medium between the commercial life of this fertile and populous region and the north; and whether it be Timbuktu, Walata, or Ghanata, there will always be in this neighbourhood a great commercial *entrepôt*, as long as mankind retain their tendency to international intercourse and exchange of produce."

Fortunately for Dr. Barth, the sudden death of the Berebish chieftain, who had plotted his death, inspired the Fulbe with a superstitious awe, as they fancied a mysterious connexion between the manner of his death and his hatred of the Christian; and this impression having been further worked upon by El Bakay in favour of the stranger, a respite from persecution was acquired by the Doctor. At length, after a sojourn of seven months in Timbuktu, subject to every kind of annoyance and indignity, to manifold privations, and in frequent peril of his life, this intrepid traveller turned his face eastward, and regained the friendly town of Kúkawa. On his way, he unexpectedly met Dr. Vogel and two English corporals in the forest of Búndi, and the pleasure of the meeting may easily be imagined. After remaining a short time with this young traveller, the Doctor prepared for his journey northward, and reached Tripoli about the latter end of August, 1855, having been absent exploring the vast regions of Central Africa nearly five years and a half.

Throughout the five volumes over which the narrative of his adventures in Central Africa extend, Dr. Barth has shown a deep and earnest spirit of investigation, and has taken advantage of the opportunities afforded him of noting down, not only the actual condition and distribution of the different tribes as at present existing, but the various incidents of their past history. From what we have already shown of the work, the reader will have been able to glean many fresh hints of the manners, customs, and relation of the Negro and Arab populations of Soudan, one with another. The grand feat accomplished by Dr. Barth, was, doubtless, the discovery, that the Benuwé river was a tributary of the Kwara or Niger, and that by this branch European boats could penetrate to the regions bordering on the south shore of Lake Tsad. The information, too, he has been able to collect respecting the navigation of the Niger between Timbuktu and Say, as well as its traffic above these towns, is exceedingly useful and important, and may lead to a speedy revolution in all these states. It has thus been ascertained, that there is a great highway into West Central Africa; this point, however, was set partially at rest by Captain Allen

and Dr. Thompson. The expedition sent out under the conduct of Dr. Barth, has revealed to us curious and important matters respecting the friendly feelings of the negro states towards England, and it, therefore, only remains to be seen, what use will be made by the merchants and the government of the country towards establishing a permanent communication with these tribes. There are difficulties in the way; but they are not insurmountable. Should commerce, the handmaiden of civilization, take the lead, two blessings would inevitably dawn upon these benighted pagans: Christianity would not be slow in raising the banner of the cross on the banks of the Kwara and Benuwé; and the infamous traffic in slaves, which now disgraces the name of humanity, would receive its death-wound. Dr. Barth's experience has taught him, that the slave-hunts are originated for the purpose of procuring muskets and powder, which the Americans supply in exchange for human flesh and human flesh alone. Were the native princes instructed that European goods could be obtained in return for their cotton, their rice, and other useful products, which require only steady cultivation to be multiplied a thousandfold, they would, doubtless, set to work to cultivate the arts of peace, rather than of war. With regard to the prospects of religion, a deadly struggle is at the present moment being waged between Islamism and Paganism; and who shall say, should the light of the Gospel be introduced by a few zealous and able missionaries, what marvellous results would follow? The subject might be pursued much farther, and we should pursue the train of thought suggested by this inquiry, with great pleasure, but our limits forbid us. We cannot imagine, however, that this country will suffer the results of Dr. Barth's expedition to lie long unproductive; and then, we trust, will commence an era for the neglected Africans, which shall be signalized in the most emphatic manner by their introduction into the Christian families of the earth.

ART. III.—LORD METCALFE.

The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe. By John William Kaye, Author of the "Life of Sir J. Malcolm," &c. A New and Revised Edition. Two Vols., post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WE lately heard a public speaker remark, that one advantage, at any rate, we had derived from the Crimean and Indian wars, was an increase of geographical knowledge. A greater, in our estimation, is, that we come to know that heroes, godlike men, have not ceased to exist—that, living in our time, unknown, till some occasion brings them forth, are men, comparable to, if they surpass not, the bravest spirits of antiquity. Perhaps, however, in this remark, we ought to speak of India alone, for in the Crimea, our experience with our leaders was most disheartening; but not with the common soldiers, who by their noble steadfastness, patient endurance, and acts of valour, proved to the world that the British soldier was still unmatched and unmatchable.

On the other hand, this Indian rebellion has been notable for the number of able commanders that have proved themselves equal to the emergency; and who are pre-eminently endowed with all the qualities of successful commandership. Were there no other compensation for us in all the sorrows and reverses that have befallen us in our Eastern empire, than the knowledge of such men as Havelock, the Lawrences, Outram, Edwards, and a host of others, it would, by no means, be a poor one. Their example will be felt, and exercise a beneficial influence, in all ages to come.

The same might be said also of the noble civilians in the East India Company's service, who have so distinguished themselves by their promptitude and energy in the most critical situations. Now we cannot attribute our knowledge of Lord Metcalfe to the recent calamities in India. He has been deservedly honoured for many years by his countrymen; and known as one of those many wise and able statesmen, in which India has been so fertile. But the same events have done much to diffuse and perpetuate his name; for we have little doubt that the interest they have excited has been the proximate cause of this new edition of his life.

We heartily thank Mr. Kaye for this timely re-publication; it will do much to dispel the wide-spread ignorance that has obtained, concerning the government of India; and convince the most rigid red-tapists, that there was one man at least,

who knew how precarious was our hold upon India, long before the greased cartridges were even thought of. It will do still more—it will make one familiar to us, than whom we do not know a more upright, wise, and loveable man—one of England's truest sons, and one of her most God-fearing men.

Just about the time that India was all in a ferment, getting up addresses of farewell to Warren Hastings, on the 30th of January, 1785, Charles Theophilus Metcalfe first saw the light in the city of Calcutta. His father was an "old Indian"—Major Thomas Metcalfe, of the Bengal Army, who had married the widow of Major Smith, of the same army. There was one elder son, Theophilus John, born in September, 1783. The major, Mr. Kaye tells us, was descended from a good Yorkshire stock; and one of his ancestors, for the valour he had displayed, was dubbed a knight—Sir James Metcalfe, of Nappa—on the field of Agincourt.

Soon after the birth of his second son, Major Metcalfe returned, with his family, to England; and in due time became a director of the East India Company, and member of Parliament for the borough of Abingdon, in Berkshire. He had several children born to him, of whom five survived their childhood—the two sons we have named, and three daughters. Charles, the subject of our paper, was sent to school at an early age, to Bromley, in Middlesex. Of what he did there, or what he learnt, or of his youthful disposition, almost nothing is known, beyond that he was of a reserved disposition, and altogether eclipsed by the more showy qualities of his brother. At eleven years of age he was transferred to Eton, from which time his real life for us may be said to have begun.

We get the germ of the future man in the following extract:—

"He went to that famous seminary as an oppidan, and boarded with his tutor, Mr. Goodall, afterwards head-master and provost of the college; Dr. Heath being then preceptor-in-chief. As at the private school, so at the public, he was known as a quiet, retiring boy. He was not celebrated for his adroitness in any athletic exercises. He was neither a cricketer nor a boater. I am not sure that he ever played at fives. But it is on record, and on very sufficient authority, that he was once seen riding on a camel. 'I heard,' says Dr. Goodall, many years afterwards, 'the boys shouting, and went over, and saw young Metcalfe riding on a camel; so you see he was always Orientally inclined.'"—Vol. I., p. 7.

But if he did not excel in sports and gymnastics, he did as a student. Thoughtful, beyond his age, he did not confine himself to the school routine of learning, but he made excursions

into every department of literature; and "a holiday was for him of value only as it gave him time to puzzle over Rowley's poems, to read Gibbon, to translate Ariosto and Rousseau; and to tread the echoing cloisters, immersed in day-dreams of future renown."

This last occupation was one which especially characterized young Metcalfe; and, in the wide range of biography, we know of no one who so tenaciously held by, and so fully realized, "the dream of his youth." But he was not allowed to stay at Eton long—only till he reached his fifteenth year—when he was called upon by his father to enter upon life's duties, and to carve out a position for himself. "It was an awkward fact," says the biographer, "in the lives of the two young Metcalfes—Theophilus and Charles—that their father was an East India director." And so it seemed; for the major had determined to dispatch Charles, young as he was, to India—the elder brother being about also to be sent off to China. A few months' respite, however, was allowed him, during which, entering into society, he perpetrated the indiscretion of falling in love. Boy though he was, it was no boyish attachment; for there is reason to believe that he continued faithful (for he never married) to his first love until death. The time of departure, however, came; and on the 15th of June, 1800, he took leave of all his friends, and left London, and, after spending a few days at Portsmouth, he embarked for India. For the incidents of the voyage, we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves.

He reached Calcutta on the 3rd of January, 1801. The next day he went round with his letters of introduction, officially reported himself, ordered a palanquin, hired servants, and then commenced his career as a young writer in the East India Company's service.

Charles Metcalfe had no great difficulties or obstacles to encounter or surmount in the outset; on the contrary, he had everything to favour his introduction into public life—for the son of a director will not often lack friends in India. His merits did not consist in fighting his way to a good position, in spite of difficulties; but in this—that he, day by day, and year by year, improved the advantages he possessed at the commencement. We are inclined to think this latter the harder task of the two. A man's powers and faculties become invigorated and sharpened by resistance; and the very opposition he has to encounter, will often prove the stepping-stone to success; whereas, when his path lies easy and plain before him, there is danger, lest he become emasculated, and sink down to unpretending mediocrity.

Metcalfe intended to commence work at once, but from the dissipation which the hospitalities of Calcutta induced, he observes, in his journal, at the end of February, that he had nothing but illness to record. Shaking himself loose, however, from these bonds, he determined to grapple with and master the native languages, in order to qualify himself for the active business of his profession.

Every student of Indian history knows that to Lord Wellesley the honour is due of founding the College of Fort William, "as a nursery for young Indian administrators." His lordship, with that penetration and sagacity which so distinguished him, discerned the wants of India, and forthwith began to find the means of supplying them. It augured well for the success of his scheme, that Charles Metcalfe was the first student admitted into the college he had established. Metcalfe applied himself diligently to his studies; indeed, he worked too hard, and that, together with the exhausting influences of the climate, unnerved and prostrated him; and the poor lad—he was not yet seventeen—away there in his solitude, began to yearn for home. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow," his biographer most beautifully says, "was pressing heavily upon him; for he clung to the memory of happier days." He wrote home to implore that he might be allowed to return; but ere he could get an answer, he was gazetted as assistant to the embassy to the Arab states, which appointment, however, he never took up, as he was allowed the option of another—that of assistant to the resident with Dowlah Rao Scindiah. He had been induced to prefer this, from the fact that an old friend of his father's, Colonel Collins, was the resident. The adventures of Metcalfe on his road to the court of Scindiah; how he was attacked by the banditti, we have not time to relate; nor how Colonel Collins and he could not agree, which ended in Metcalfe's returning to Calcutta.

We have hitherto said nothing of Metcalfe's mother. We give one extract from a letter of hers, as illustrative of her character, and of her probable influence upon the mind of her son. The letter was in answer to his request to be allowed to return home:—

"If you have," says she, "a grain of ambition, you are in the field for it, and the ball is at your foot. What is it you want? With friends, money, attention, credit, good sense, abilities, and a prospect before you which hundreds, I may say thousands, in that country have not, you want, I fear, my dear Charles, a contented mind."—Vol. I., p. 61, note.

He needed not the stimulus of such considerations, for he

had already begun to reconcile himself to his Indian life, and on his return to Calcutta he was appointed an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to Government. At this time, also, his brother, being in poor health, and wishing for a change of scene and air, paid him an unexpected visit from Canton. This visit of his brother exercised a most beneficial influence upon his mind; and he had also every stimulus to exertion and industry, being now under the immediate eye of Lord Wellesley himself. We cannot refrain from giving the words of his biographer. He says:—

“In that grand viceregal school [the governor-general’s office] the clever boys of the civil service ripened rapidly into statesmen. They saw there how empires were governed. The imposing spectacle fired their young ambition, and each in turn grew eager and resolute to make for himself a place in history. Of all men living, perhaps, Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted, dispelled all doubts and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality. They saw in him a great man, with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be dispatched to one political functionary—now to another, keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the arguments or language proper to each, there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which, the scant proportions of the little viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it.”—Vol. I., p. 77.

Metcalfe was soon fortunate enough to secure the favourable notice of the governor-general. It was on this wise. Lake and Wellesley having defeated the Mahrattas, and reduced Scindiah to submission, the latter chief had consented to receive a subsidiary force into his dominions. The question was then debated in council as to where this force was to be located. Now Metcalfe, in his journey to Scindiah’s court, to which we have alluded, had been no inattentive observer; and, accordingly, he ventured to draw up a memorandum, which he submitted to Lord Wellesley, in which he recommended Kotah, as the fittest place if the force were to be centralized, or, if not, still for a detachment of the force. His lordship read it, and wrote the following flattering eulogium upon the margin:—
“This paper is highly creditable to Mr. Metcalfe’s character

and talents. It may become very useful. A copy of it should be sent to the commander-in-chief, and another to Major Malcolm.—W.” He was at this time nineteen years of age.

The governor-general's favour did not rest here; for soon after, on hostilities being commenced against Holkar, he dispatched Metcalfe to General Lake's camp to act as political assistant. The duties of this office were of a very complicated kind. He had to negotiate treaties, detach chiefs from their alliances, collect information of the movements of the armies, &c. But the official himself was always looked down upon and sneered at by the soldiers as a mere civilian. Metcalfe had his own way of vindicating himself. General Lake had determined upon the reduction of the fortress of Deeg, distant forty-five miles from Agra. On the 13th of December our troops sat down before the place; on the 23rd a breach was reported practicable. Charles Metcalfe volunteered to accompany the storming party, and was one of the first to mount the breach; and the gallantry of his conduct drew forth the special commendations of Lord Lake in his official dispatch concerning the reduction of the fortress. We must pass over the succeeding events of the campaign. A change of governors was now impending, and by consequence a change of policy. On the 20th of August, 1805, Lord Wellesley left India; and a month previous Lord Cornwallis had re-entered upon the governor-generalship.

Lord Cornwallis went over pledged to a policy of economy, for the Indian Government was in a serious state of financial embarrassment. But it is always difficult and unpopular to inaugurate and to execute such a policy, especially in a country where dominion is retained by the force of arms. Accordingly, there was great dissatisfaction in Lord Lake's camp with the measures of the new governor-general; and no one was more dissatisfied than Charles Metcalfe. Writing to his friend, J. W. Sherer, who was in the Government office at Calcutta, he says:—

“I hope for the best from Lord Cornwallis's administration; but I am, I confess, without confidence. It is surely unwise to fetter the hands of the commander-in-chief (referring to orders that had been received to cease hostilities, and to come to terms with Holkar, if possible), and to stop all operations until his own arrival. We shall have Holkar near us in a few days. I wish you would send us money.”

Here, as Mr. Kaye well remarks, was the prime difficulty. Holkar deserved to be punished, without doubt; but the

Government lacked the means of doing it, for they had not the sinews of war.

Our readers must follow for themselves the somewhat intricate course of this campaign, and the still more intricate course of diplomacy with the hostile Mahratta chiefs, until finally peace was concluded; and then Metcalfe's functions having ceased, he returned once again to Calcutta.

His next appointment was first assistant to the resident at Delhi. He continued discharging the duties of this office until he was selected by Lord Minto (who had in the meantime succeeded to the Government) as envoy to Lahore. He filled this office with singular tact and ability. His object was to counteract French influence and intrigue, and to form an alliance with Runjeet Singh, so as to interpose a barrier to (at that time believed imminent) French invasion. The difficulties of the mission were great, both in the nature of the mission itself, and of the chief with whom he had to deal. However, by perseverance, consummate ability, and prudence, he at length effected the object of the embassy. If our readers will recollect that at this time he was scarcely twenty-three years of age, and if, together with this, they will read the dispatches and minutes that Metcalfe wrote to and for the consideration of the governor-general, they will approximate to some conception of the vast powers of his mind. They were not powers that manifested themselves in brilliant and magnificent schemes, or in daring modes of action, but in calm sagacity and wisdom, and in penetrating foresight and prudence. The diplomacy of Charles Metcalfe at this period would have done no discredit to those who had grown grey in the schools of statesmanship.

After this he filled some other appointments, till, in 1811, Mr. Seton vacating the residency of Delhi, Metcalfe was selected to succeed him. Most of our readers will be undoubtedly acquainted with the office and duties of a resident at an Indian court. He, in fact, may be said to be the king and prime minister in one, as he has to superintend the internal affairs of the country, collect revenues, &c., in fact, perform all the duties that are included under the term government. These may be modified somewhat by his relation to the ostensible monarch, or as we would phrase it, *difficilized*, by that relation, inasmuch as he has to contend with all the corrupt influences of a native court, the perfidy of the natives themselves, and a host of other obstacles to upright and impartial administration, that luxuriate in the Oriental soil. Metcalfe, it will suffice to say, filled his post as such posts are seldom filled, and this, too, in a time of much inquietude and no ordinary difficulty. But no opposition was proof to the patient toil and perseverance which

he brought to bear upon it. Slowly but surely it gave way to the steady resistance and attack of that virtuous mind. Straight-forward in all his acts, he would never condescend to employ the common artifices of policy, which are deceits, but resting himself on the right and the true, he ensured to himself certain success.

We should like some of our sentimental apologists for the king of Delhi to read the account Mr. Kaye has given us of the foul wrongs that were continually wreaked upon some victim or other in that same court during Metcalfe's residence there. Speaking of the policy which the resident was attempting to carry out, he tells us :—

“It was his policy, while exercising firm control in all matters of essential importance, to abstain from meddling with petty details connected with the interior arrangements of the palace. But nothing was more difficult than this. He could not turn a deaf ear to the reports of robbery and murder that came to him from that great sty of pollution ; and yet he could not deal with offences so committed as he would with crimes more immediately under his jurisdiction, committed in the open city. Even the truth struggled out but dimly from the murky recesses of the palace. Sometimes little things were magnified and mystified into gigantic shadows, which dissolved at the touch of judicial inquiry. At others it was not to be doubted that terrible realities were altogether obscured and lost among the swarming labyrinths of that great building.”—Vol. I., p. 256.

We may cite, appropriately, in this place, a few passages from the minutes and letters of Metcalfe, in order to show his enlightened views of government, and which, if they had been carried out, would in all probability have prevented the outbreak of that terrible mutiny, the consequences of which we shall have to deplore for many a long year.

The first relates to that much vexed question, concerning the rights of the zemindars, or zumeendars, as they are called in these volumes :—

“Admitting,” says he, “that the Government has the property of the soil, the question is, as the Government cannot occupy the land, and as the land requires resident proprietors, who are the people that next to the Government may be supposed to have the best right ? It is here that the paramount claim of the village zumeendars may be justly and indisputably contended for. What men can have greater rights than those whose ancestors have occupied the same lands and habitations from time immemorial ; who live on the soil entirely, and cultivate it at their own expense, and by their own labour ; who receive it by hereditary succession or by purchase ; who leave it to their children, or, if reduced by necessity, sell it or mortgage it ; or if they choose, transfer it by gift during their lives ?”—Vol. I., p. 266.

Having argued for the justice of the claims of the zumeendars, he supposes that some might object on the ground of policy; he thus meets any such objection:—

“The world is governed by an irresistible power, which giveth and taketh away dominion; and vain would be the impotent prudence of men against the operations of its Almighty influence.

“All that rulers can do is to merit dominion by promoting the happiness of those under them. If we perform our duty in this respect, the gratitude of India and the admiration of the world will accompany our name throughout all ages, whatever may be the revolutions of futurity; but if we withhold blessings from our subjects from a selfish apprehension of possible danger at a remote period, we shall merit that reserve which time has possibly in store for us, and shall fall with the mingled hatred and contempt—the hisses and execrations of mankind.”—Vol. I., p. 269.

What noble words are these! The sentence we have italicized is worthy of being inscribed on every senate-house in the world; and defines the duty of all governments, and the end of all legislation. We give one more, as it concerns the character of our dominion in India:—

“The writer of these remarks does not shrink from briefly stating his opinion, that an increase of our army is highly expedient, and, perhaps, absolutely necessary for our existence in India; and we ought to govern our policy by different considerations from those which regulate the orders of the Government at home. Our power in India rests upon our military superiority. It has no foundation in the affections of our subjects. . . . It can only be upheld by our military prowess, and that policy is best suited to our situation in India, which tends in the greatest degree to increase our military power by all means consistent with justice.”—Vol. I., pp. 287—8.

We have not space to follow him further through the situations he held in India. Let it suffice to say, that he quitted Delhi amid the regrets of all classes; that he afterwards accepted the political secretariat under Lord Hastings; and after that proceeded to Hyderabad, as resident, where he fell under the temporary displeasure of the governor-general, by his manful opposition to the vile practices of the banking-house of Palmer and Co.—which firm were gradually impoverishing the Nizam and his country—and would have succeeded in doing it effectually, had it not been for the unflinching honesty of Sir Charles Metcalfe. He remained in India until he had won for himself the highest posts in the Government; and then he resigned, because of a slight which had been put upon him by the Board of Directors. During his provisional governor-generalship, he emancipated the press—an act which elicited,

not from the Board of Directors, this being the cause of their slight towards him, but from all classes of enlightened men, the highest approbation. We must leave it to Mr. Kaye to describe his departure from Calcutta, in the year 1838:—

“His residence in Calcutta was brief [Mr. Kaye refers to the time before his departure, as Sir Charles had but just returned from Agra]; but from first to last it was a great ovation. He had taken his passage for England in a Bristol ship, called the *St. George*. The vessel was to sail on the 15th of February. The interval, though brief, was a busy one. Entertainment followed entertainment—address followed address. The cold season had been one of unusual animation; and Metcalfe arrived to find the social energies of his friends well nigh expended by the constant demands that had been made upon them by oft-repeated festivities. But his presence was a signal for renewed exertion. There were Metcalfe dinners, and Metcalfe balls, and Metcalfe meetings; and no one was contented who had not drunk, or danced, or spoken, in honour of the ‘honestest statesman we ever had,’* and the most hospitable and loveable of men.”—Vol. II., p. 214.

He left an influence for good in India which can never be calculated, and a name which has never been equalled. And this high position—to his honour be it said—he attained solely by the sterling integrity of his character, and the honesty of his aims.

Sir Charles arrived in England, after an absence of thirty-eight years. His parents had long ere this descended to the grave. His elder brother also had died, hence, his title, Sir Charles. The late king, however, subsequently to Metcalfe’s assumption of his family honours, had conferred upon him the distinction of a G.C.B.—no mean indication of the estimation in which he was held in England. Sir Charles retired to Clifton, to the residence of his affectionate sister, Mrs. Smythe, intending and hoping to spend the remainder of his life in ease, and the society of his friends. But, as all know, he was not allowed the sweets of repose for any lengthened period. He was soon asked to take the governorship of Jamaica; where, by his conciliatory policy, he did so much to restore that peace, which had been destroyed by the ferment, consequent upon the emancipation of the slaves.† His policy was dignified and firm—worthy, in every way, of the character he had gained for himself in India. He completed his task, and a second time retired into private life. Such a man, however, while life lasted, could be ill spared from the service of his

* Speech of Mr. Theodore Dickens.

† We pronounce no opinion upon the question at issue in Jamaica between Sir Charles Metcalfe and a section of our missionaries.

country, however well he had earned his rest. Once again he, at the bidding of his sovereign, placed his services at the disposal of the state.

Canada was the next sphere of his government. He there wielded the sword of authority with the same dignity and righteousness. The colony at that time was in a transition state; there was a conflict between the governor and his council. But wise was his demeanour—firm, but just; a stern upholder of the privileges of the crown, but a respectful observer of the rights of the people. He was suffering at this time under a severe malady in his cheek, which was, indeed, gradually eating away his life. The salvation of his life bade him retire; duty exhorted him to remain, and duty never appealed to him in vain. He remained till the danger which impended over the colony was past; till the ship had passed the breakers, and had the open sea, unstilled though that was, before her. His conduct won for him the approbation of his sovereign and her ministers. The Queen manifested especial solicitude on his behalf. A peerage was conferred upon him: he was now Lord Metcalfe of Fern Hill; and he then returned to England to die, having spent his whole life in the service of his country, and, throughout his whole career, maintained a spotless fame. Of his boundless generosity and self-sacrifice we cannot speak; but we will conclude our paper by noticing his death—when the veteran statesman, who had been exposed to all the evil influences of an Eastern life, prepared himself, as a little child, to depart to his Father's home.

His end was drawing near; so rapid were the advances his malady made. He had expressed a wish to see a little girl, a daughter of his friend, Colonel Higginson. She came

“And spent much of her time in Metcalfe's room, reading the Scriptures to him every day. . . . This child of seven years read God's blessed word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as a little child. . . . He had an abiding sense of the efficacy of the atonement. He rested all his hopes on the blood of the Lamb.”—Vol. II., p. 443.

Thus he died: a pattern statesman, and a child of God. May England never want for such-like sons!

ART. IV.—PHILIP PATERNOSTER.

Philip Paternoster. A Tractarian Love Story. By an Ex-Puseyite.
London: Bentley. 1858.

WHATEVER exception we might take to that anomalous entity, yecept the *religious novel*, it by no means follows that its *ecclesiastical* congener should lie open to the same objections. A little drollery, somewhat of high colouring, and exaggeration both of feeling and fact in connexion with the latter, embellish or ridicule only matters of form, and endanger in no respect our reverence for things sacred and divine. The one relates chiefly to foibles, the other to grave spiritual realities; hence we indulge ourselves in playing with externals, while we veil our faces before the majesty of religion. This distinction is our unvarnished reason (not our apology, for it needs none) for introducing to our readers a few of the fopperies of Tractarianism, as set forth in an amusing and graphic manner by the author of "*Philip Paternoster*," the anti-Tractarian fiction now before us. Written by a person who has threaded the labyrinth and come back, the work confirms our long-seated conviction that it is not on the more serious natures amongst us that Popery proper, or Popery spurious, makes its most ready impression; but rather on light, volatile dispositions, who like to *do* their religion, like any other task, not *feel* it, and who wish to make that task in the doing of it as picturesque and graceful as they can, that it may be light and pleasant to themselves, and attract the observation and admiration of others. A few serious and saturnine mediævalists will doubtless here and there be met with, and these at last are certain to reach the goal to which they tend, ensconcing themselves eventually in the niche of some monastic cell, dark and hard as their ascetic idiosyncrasy; but the generality of converts, first, to the modified Romanism of St. Barnabas, and, afterwards, to the pronounced Romanism of the See of Westminster, will be found to be of the class indicated—shallow natures, overlaid with empty sentiment as distinguished from sensibility, whose eye can reach no deeper than the surface of things, and whose religion is more a fashion and habit than an experience of the awakened soul. To illustrate this view we shall indulge ourselves with a picture or two from this amusing novel, disclaiming any higher object than the entertainment of our readers with the absurdities of a very silly set of men, and the warning which our sense of ridicule conveys against the follies by which they have been misled.

The leanings towards picturesque faiths and worships are things rather to be guarded against narrowly, than to be indiscriminately indulged. The wiser, deeper, and more thoughtful natures, are those which least need or care for imposing adjuncts, and sensible aids of public worship. If we must, indeed, choose between them, a Quaker bareness of ornament is better, safer, more Scriptural and satisfactory—than a large ceremonial, fine shows, “men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, musical instruments, and that of all sorts.” We desire to put on record our deliberate conviction that it is not the most earnest, devout, and spiritually-minded of any community, who are loudest in their clamour for magnificent churches and a more splendid ritual—but rather those who are the reverse of these. In such matters we are not strait-laced—but neither are we loose-principled. We see no objection to organs and chants, wisely and devoutly used; but we do see a great evil in supposing painted windows an offering acceptable to God; taper spires elevation of soul to Heaven; stalls, in the place of pews, stepping-stones in the upward way; and harp and organ, harmonium, and responsive song the necessary utterance, or even awakeners, of devout aspiration. In this, as in all other cases relating to divine things, we must observe that divinest feature of our divine religion—*το ἐπιείκες*—the “moderation” which the apostle enjoins upon the Philippians. In Christianity it is beyond all other things remarkable how little is strictly prescribed to us—how rarely we are tied down to literal observance; the Holy Ghost seeming to think that a renewed heart may be safely trusted both with its conduct of life and its ordinal of worship. This is a lesson of charity toward those who differ from us in non-essentials, but it is also an appeal to the governing principle of human life, that common sense and that fitness of means to ends, without which “nothing is good, nothing strong.” In all questions relating to public worship and the appurtenances thereof, if we adhere to the apostle’s *epieikes* we shall not greatly err. It is but the Pagan poet’s *in medio tu tutissimus ibis*.

Having delivered our soul of its burden on this head, we proceed to cull a specimen or two illustrative of the genus full-blown Tractarian, that our readers may at once laugh at the folly of clerical masquerade, and be admonished whereunto the buds of ecclesiastical foppery may grow. To begin at the beginning, with the ordination of the hero, who is one of twenty more sensible and ordinary men, he being the only Tractarian eccentric of the score, we read:—

“He emerged from the little knot of his compeers with a firm and

manly step, and knelt gracefully before the bishop in his appointed turn. When, too, he rose from his knees, and returned to his place, with all the weighty responsibility of his new calling fresh upon him, he displayed to those many gazers a countenance still calm and collected, though the downcast eyes and clasped hands betokened anything rather than absence of appreciation of his then position. Without being, perhaps, strictly handsome, he was a man that, in any case, could not fail to interest a beholder. The face was decidedly intellectual, and not destitute of manly beauty; but there was just a tinge of affectation in the arrangement of those physical adornments that perhaps, in the slightest degree, detracted from the unquestionable advantages evident in his outer man. Nature had tinted his face with some of her most delicate colours. In an ordinary way, you could perceive he was singularly pale, and the flush that now tinged his cheek was perceptibly transient, and due to the excitement of the time and circumstance. His hair, which was very dark, almost black, was too long for a man, and parted quite in the middle, whilst it streamed down his back like the portraits of Edward Irving. He wore large whiskers, such as one generally sees associated with that hybrid animal termed by young ladies 'a duck,' but, in more common parlance, designated a fop. Altogether, he had, naturally speaking, very many of the elements of the pet parson in him. A good deal of this, however, was taken off by his dress, which was singularly clerical. The coat collar stood stiff and erect as a Quaker's. The waistcoat was buttoned tightly up to his neck, and might, had he been so disposed, have saved the necessity of under-linen. The shirt, if indeed such existed, was devoid of collar, and just the smallest amount of very narrow white tie was visible above the vest; whilst the bands, of the minutest possible size, lent their silent evidence, along with the more speaking emblems of the young clergyman's attire, that he who had so curtailed their dimensions, leaned rather to Rome than Geneva. In a word, Mr. Paternoster was made up (by Cox and Co.) very ecclesiastically indeed; and, though there was nothing positively *outré* in his exterior, yet, had you met him in the street, you might have told at a glance that he didn't take in the *Record*, or incline to the Bible Society. Add to these details that Philip was tall and slender, and looked somewhere about his real age—twenty-five—and you have as complete a picture of him as is necessary for the present.

"And now, the special ordination service being concluded, that congregation arched round the Table of Love, and in partaking of the broken bread and the sacred cup, added the most appropriate sequel to a ceremony which had all along been imposing, thrilling, majestic; and most so from its very calmness and tranquillity.

"The entire service was now concluded, and most of the people had left the chapel before Philip rose from his knees on the steps of the communion table, or, as he would have said, 'the altar.' He had studiously presented himself among the very last batch of communicants, though all the other newly-ordained had, as was usual, been the first recipients. In fact, the general congregation waited some

few minutes for Philip to go up in his turn; and more than one of his brother candidates, on observing the pause created by his hanging back, had nudged him, in the idea that he was labouring under absence of mind. But he merely unfolded his hands, and unclosed his eyes for an instant, as he said, 'I prefer to remain,' and then relapsed into that posture of utter vacuity and helplessness, which youthful Tractarians seem to suppose an index of humility on their part. Doubtless with the same purpose in his mind, he waited until the last half-dozen knelt at the rails, and then drew all eyes towards him by taking his place in the midst of the pew-openers, vergers, and servants of the bishop. Doubtless, we repeat, in all this, the idea most prominent in the young man's mind was humility, and the levelling of all human distinctions at such a time and celebration; but the only perceptible result was, that the bishop looked infinitely pained at this violation of order; the other candidates felt, if they did not exhibit, great disgust at the assumption of such singular virtue, on the part of one of their number; whilst, of the congregation, some thought Philip nervous, most of them set him down as eccentric, and even those who fathomed his motive, questioned within themselves whether he would not have been awfully irate, had the bishop's groom, an hour afterwards, dared to address him as 'a man and a brother.' Philip, however, remained complacently on his knees during the entire post-communion, the officials of the chapel doing the same, for the simple reason that they dared not stir until 'a minister' should set them the example; and thus they became unconsciously and uncomfortably orthodox, their unusual position rendering them about as much at ease as those who lie on the proverbial bed of thorns. Philip remained so long on his knees after the conclusion, that all the people had left the chapel before he showed any symptoms of locomotion, and even then he had to receive a gentle hint from the bishop's verger, that his lordship was anxious to leave the communion table, but was unable to do so, owing to the intervention of his body at the little gate in the rails which served for the ingress and egress of the officiating clergy."

Now, in writing this, let it not be supposed for one instant, that true devotion is being turned into ridicule, or evidences of genuine piety received with scorn. The question raised is this: are such outward manifestations really devotional when they are carried to an extent which renders them observable, and draws all eyes upon such as indulge them? Do they not rather themselves become, and do they not stamp the system which recognises them as, a religious eccentricity?

It may not be idle to follow the two dignitaries for an instant into the vestry, just so far as to quote their practical comments on the young clergyman's behaviour.

"'Extraordinary young man, that,' my lord," observed the archbishop.

“ ‘Eccentric,’ replied his lordship, ‘but no doubt earnest. Not altogether extraordinary. The epidemic, after a lull, is very prevalent again just now. He will grow out of it ; at least, I hope so. I trust when I come to license him to-morrow, I shall find he is to be curate in some populous parish, where he will have plenty to do, and no time to dream. The “Anglo-Catholic” epidemic is the very reverse of its physical type. It is cured by a smoky atmosphere, and a densely-crowded population. It flourishes most, and spreads its *virus* best in West-end London districts, and picturesque rural sinecures. *Work* is the thing to cure this young man.’ ”

When the other young clergy dined together on the day of their ordination, Philip, too ascetic for carnal indulgences, bound himself to a rigid fast till twelve o’clock that night, spending the interval at afternoon worship in the cathedral, at even-song in one of the churches of the city, and in his bedroom in sleep and tears. But the fixed hour of release having arrived, with all the alacrity for food of a fasting Mussulman at his Ramadan, Mr. Paternoster throws off the eremite along with his clerical garb, and proceeds to the dining-room to join his friends.

“ He cast aside his clerical attire, arrayed himself in boating trousers of white flannel, a pea-jacket with gilt buttons, a wide-awake hat, and other articles which he had brought away from college to be kept (but never worn) in memory of old times. Having completed his toilette, he skipped down the stairs, entered the room with a bounce, struck a theatrical attitude, was vociferously received by a jovial assembly, and was soon occupied with the kidneys, *et totus in illis*. As the final merry meeting of so many merry men, the banquet was long protracted, and marked by much joviality ; and the last domestic who retired on Monday morning heard Philip Paternoster’s fine tenor voice chanting, *con furore*, Tom Moore’s appropriate melody,—

“ ‘ One bumper at parting—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown’d by us yet.’ ”

This scene is truly a contrast to that of the ordination, and would seem a blot on the surcoat of Anglo-Catholology. But it is not so ; they are woven of the same wool. Our author explains the seeming difficulty thus :—

“ Open-hearted, frank, and amiable, [Philip] had, almost up to the time of taking his degree, been characterized chiefly by his boyish and boisterous gaiety. So innocent was he, that not one of what are vulgarly termed the ‘manly’ vices, were ever, even by the faintest imputation, associated with his name. But, at the same time, he

was juvenile in his positive, as well as his negative, qualities. He would bask a whole day in the sunshine, either in the gardens or the fields, insensible to the charms of cricketing, boating, or bathing. In less genial weather he could amuse himself quite well for a whole afternoon in a single staircase, shouting and singing on the stairs, paying a casual visit to some occupant of rooms thereon, and occasionally varying the amusement by addressing innocuous remarks from the window to little boys and old ladies in the street, or hailing scouts unnecessarily, if his look-out commanded the quad. That was the sort of being Philip was up to a certain date: weak, no doubt; but very harmless, and in character certainly unblemished. And how, it may be asked, did such a man as this become inoculated with Tractarianism? As far as the writer has been able to trace a law in this erratic system—in so far as any one class of character in particular has seemed to him to display sympathies for, and spontaneous adaptations to, Tractarianism—it has been the class usually termed frivolous or volatile; the class in which puerility trenches on mature years; whose amiability has resulted very much from their indisposition to offend; and whose innocence has rather depended on the absence of temptation from without than on any inner power to resist it if present."

This explanation entirely accords with our own experience, which has ever found the most serious minds in alliance with a metaphysical Geneva, rather than coquetting with a material Rome. Our young curate's first morning at Flowerfield is amusingly portrayed. About to sleep at the rectory the night before, Philip has mistaken his rector's intimation of family prayers in the morning for daily matins at church.

"Philip had taken it for granted that if there were a daily service, it would be usual for the officiating clergy to go to church in proper ecclesiastical costume, that is, in cassock and trencher-cap; and the canonical petticoat in question is exceedingly convenient for covering a multitude of sins in the way of a hasty toilette. This dress he accordingly assumed on the present occasion; and, though he wondered to hear no bell chiming, yet, as his watch informed him the hour of prayer was close at hand, down-stairs he sallied.

"'It's a pity,' he said to himself, 'the bells don't chime. It would be so effective, even if it isn't necessary to summon the congregation.'

"Not knowing precisely where he was likely to find the rector in the house, he determined to make straight for the church, and await him there. A girl was cleaning the door-step as he emerged upon the lawn, and the aborigine stared as none but a thorough-bred West-of-Englander *can* stare at the unwonted spectacle presented by Philip in his canonical costume. He set her amazement down, however, to the mere fact of his being a stranger, and soon found himself at the wicket of the churchyard green. It was locked.

"'Dear me, how extraordinary!' he muttered. 'But perhaps this

is an arrangement to keep children out of the churchyard during matins. I'm not quite sure whether it isn't a violation of order, but I'll even try my gymnastics and—'

"Young and active, Philip was soon over the gate, and *en route* for the church; when a voice, which, though it was not ecclesiastical, was also certainly not civil, assailed him from a neighbouring field, where the sexton was digging potatoes.

"'Hoi, hoi! young veller, where be you a *gwain* to?'

"Perhaps not quite aware of the purport of the sexton's inquiry, Philip advanced to the boundary hedge, and summoned the official to him. The boor being now evidently impressed with a salutary awe, Philip ventured on a ministerial exordium,—

"'My good man,' (young parsons always begin so,) 'are you a native of Flowerfield?'

"'Noa, zur. I wur a-born up to Ziderecombe, up thur top o' th' hill, whur you do zee them ther stacks yander.'

"Not being particularly anxious to ascertain the shrine of the nativity, Philip checked him.

"'But you live here?'

"'O 'is. I be zexton o' Flowerfield.'

"'Then have the goodness to understand that I am one of the priests of this church, and—what are you laughing at, sir?'

"'Why, zur, ye be a-jokin' I, I do think. We've got two ministers—two pa'sons we do mostly call 'em—and a clerk and a zexton (that's I), at these 'ere church; but we ain't got no priestes. I've a-heerd the Catholics do have priestes, but—'

"'Well, and are you not a Catholic?' asked Philip, with the usual orthodox pedantry.

"'O no, we be Church o' England. I thought you were a-mis-takin' we, becos you got they vunny clothes on. Ax your pardon, zur, if I be wrong.'"

The furniture of the curate's private apartments was in harmony with his ecclesiastical views. Let us take a peep into his "Oratory."

"He opened the door, and displayed the little chamber fitted with all the paraphernalia of prayer. The window had been bricked and boarded up, so as to form a lancet, wherein was inserted a transparency of St. Philip, who, of course, by virtue of his name, was our hero's patron saint. A coloured sanctuary lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and was to burn continually; whilst the whole place was already fragrant with the fumes of incense. There was a miniature altar raised on a foot-pace, and a little brazen desk thereon, supported an illuminated manual of private devotions. The contents of the 'Curate's Pocket Communion' were also displayed to view there; and the whole surmounted by a large standard crucifix. The walls were hung with curtains of ecclesiastical drapery, and had it not been for the anti-climax of a shower-bath in the corner, the whole thing would have been a gem in its way. This was

Philip's oratory. Alas, then, for those who, in olden times, had prayed in the wild desert, or in the lions' den, or the fiery furnace, or the whale's belly, unsurrounded by such adjuncts of prayer! Why had cruel fate cast the lot of Elijah, of Daniel, of Peter in such remote days, ere the decorative art of the nineteenth century supplied them with material to lift their souls to God? O what a pretty poor burlesque was here on that communion of the creature with the Creator! Who of the great and good ones of old ever needed these sensible stimuli for their burdened hearts? Think of Him whose life was a practical answer to the demand, 'Lord, teach us to pray!' Where did He pray? Often, we must believe, in the carpenter's shed at Nazareth; often in the wild desert of Quarantaria; often and often, as we know, upon the bleak and solitary mountain-top; thrice in the bitter, blood-stained garden; once upon the tree of shame itself. Thus thy Master taught thee to pray. How art thou following in those footprints, when, to raise thy spirit to heaven, thou needest the artistic influences of thy perfumed oratory? He bade thee pray in thy closet—true. But He bade thee pray, as He bade thee worship and fast—'in spirit,' and not as do the hypocrites; not with accessories that might be seen of men; with the beauty of holiness within, rather than fantastic phylacteries without."

With such an inauguration we are prepared for a further development of Mr. Paternoster's Tractarianism, and to follow him to a service in the West-end of London, a portrait for which the ceremonial at St. Barnabas might have furnished the original.

"The communion service is preceded by an *Introit*. This is composed of suitable words, set by Philip himself, to the air of the Russian National Anthem. Philip has outgrown the incipient form of Tractarianism—rubrical strictness—and is eclectic enough to have old Rowland Hill's opinion about not giving the devil all the good tunes. Standing on the highest step of the altar, the Rev. Stephen Gregory shouts the Commandments (on G) like a musical Moses; Philip kneels on the lowest step; and again the choir sing the *Kyrie* to a harmonized adaptation of Anna's prayer in 'Freischütz.' This goes wonderfully. A Nicene creed follows. Notices of saints' days for the week ensuing are given out as 'being commanded by THE CHURCH to be kept holy;' and then Philip mounts the pulpit, to soft music; without prayer or prelude enunciates a text; preaches for a quarter of an hour—rather less; again descends, to musical strains; whilst the incumbent proceeds with the offertory. The sentence 'God is not unrighteous' is turned into a short and not inappropriate anthem; the prayer for the Church Militant follows, with a very long pause at the place where the 'faithful departed' are spoken of. The clergy and non-communicants then leave the chapel. We remain.

"The sacred vessels are reverentially arranged for communion.

[The organist] Mr. Mole is triumphant in 'He shall feed His flock;' and all proceeds as heretofore, until the consecration, in which the incumbent's voice is no longer stentorian, but entirely inaudible, while the curate is prostrate on his face, and, from the body of the chapel, looks like a bundle of clothes getting ready for the wash on a Monday morning. The paten and chalice are undisguisedly elevated, and the consecrated elements diligently veiled. The clergy, choir, and remnants of the congregation communicate; the boys singing a translation of the *Tantum ergo* in the softest pianissimo. The chalice, it is observed, never quits the grasp of the young ministrant. The hand of a single sister seems to shake very much as she receives it from him. A jubilant burst of song from full choir signalizes the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The remaining elements are reverentially consumed; the vessels cleaned at the altar; the little procession leaves the chapel in order as it entered, and with a reverent bow from each member to the sacred table. Mr. Mole works the bellows-blower well nigh to distraction in his final Hallelujah chorus, and the celebration is over.

"Well, Mr. Mole, how do you think it went?"—the invariable demand after a choral service—said Philip, as the organist came in rubbing his hands.

"La! I thought 'twas beautiful," replied Mr. Mole, ceasing to rub his hands, in order that he might scratch his head."

Now, bating the dash of caricature in this picture, it is deplorably true in substance—the most solemn acts of worship turned into mysterious stage-play, and a painful predominance of self governing the representation. But these scenes are as yet rare in England, and we trust in God they will be rarer still. The chief actors in them are weak and deluded men, although we cannot for a moment doubt that Jesuits behind the canvas pull the wires and direct the movements of the puppets. Our confidence is that the sound Protestantism of the people of England will yet extinguish this Roman fire, and teach their clergy of all communions that no light can compare with the light of the sun. But the resistance to Tractarianism must be as many-sided as the *ruses* of the foe, and be unslumbering, unwearied, and persistent. Be our rebuke of the will-worshippers couched in the apt phrase of the heathen (but of course in our Christian signification), till they mend their manners:—

"O curvæ in terris animæ, et . . . inanes,
Quid juvat hoc templis vestros immittere mores?"

Whether Philip Paternoster mended his manners—whether he went outright to Rome and returned—or whether he still continues bewitched with the sorceries of the red letter lady, Tractarianism, is not ours now to tell. The fiction from which our extracts are taken will inform our readers in sufficiently pleasant terms.

ART. V.—ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.

Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. Two Vols. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1858.

Two years ago we reviewed "Hours with the Mystics," by R. A. Vaughan, and now we are summoned to the mournful task of reviewing the life of him, whose labours we then so gratefully and wonderingly perused. His literary work we found to be strong and beautiful. It was a piece of pure Gothic architecture such as we Englishmen so mystically love, because of the massive strength of its vast buttresses, the solemn loftiness of its sheafed columns and bending arches, the cunning beauty and humour which flower upon its screens and pinnacles; the memorials of human love, and sorrow, and death, with which it is filled; and, more than all, the heavenly light now glowing with the rosiest lustre, and again dimmed with cloudy darkness, which breaks along its aisles, or frets its images with a ceaseless chequered play. Such was Mr. Vaughan's book, a temple with its high inner altar to God, and its numerous exquisitely fashioned chapels sacred to the dead, which is a perfect, and will be an enduring shrine of the noble spirits to whose memory it was raised. And now the young, fair architect whose genius conceived, and whose toil completed, that marvellous structure is dead, and we are invited to enter the temple of his own life, and see what building he hath fashioned there out of the common materials of our earthly existence, by his labours and prayers, his lofty aspiring, his lowly worship, his love for man, and his faith in God. They who enter will stay, and their hearts will be hushed and blessed with feelings of solemn inspiration, which will make them wiser and holier men, and when they leave it they will say,—

"I pass into the world from thy abode:
A something of thy radiance, pure and tried,
Hangs round my soul for days."

As was the work, such do we find the man, in every respect, only greater and better; stronger in his purposes than even his massive erudition showed, more loving and genial than even the sunny humour of his book could tell us, and devout, manfully and happily devout, beyond the power of words to express. As we muse in reverie over these steadfast purposes, upspringing to heaven, that gentle winning soul which wreathed its work with purest yet gayest fantasies, and the blessedness of

that unceasing worship, we seem to wander amid the solemnities and splendour of a spiritual temple, the glory of which excels all human workmanship; for it is not made with hands—the strength and beauty of God are there. And upon that temple we have seen the crowning stone to be laid, and it has been raised from earth to be set in the New Jerusalem—the Heavenly City.

We wish to weave an *immortelle*, and leave it upon the grave of the dead; in doing so, our own memories of the past will mingle with the short narrative we cull from the memoir given by Dr. Vaughan. This memoir is short, comprising only one hundred and fourteen pages, but these few pages have the worth of many volumes, from the significance of every line, and the exceeding skill with which these lines have been etched, so as to give in grand expressiveness the full portraiture of his son. We have gone again and again to study a face drawn by the few happy touches of a master painter, and only after repeated study have realized the profound expression, which those strokes of colour pourtrayed. In like manner we can say, that these few pages do convey, with the most truthful expression, the very character of Mr. Vaughan; but to appreciate either the skill of the artist or the wondrous life he has pictured, thoughtful and frequent study will be required. We do sympathize with the struggling sorrow which must often have made the father's hand to tremble as he revised old letters and MSS. of his son, and sat down to pen the record of his hopeful youth, his maturing manhood, and his early death, which he alone was fitted to narrate. It was a sad legacy for an only son to leave his father: "to do what might be done toward rendering a life once so rich in promise, but which had proved so brief as influential as might be." With wise and pious carefulness has Dr. Vaughan discharged his sorrowful and delicate task. We would honour not only the courage which did not flinch from this duty, and the skill which has accomplished it; but the calm reserve which veils the bitterest feelings from the eye of the reader, that he may truly read, not the father's anguish, but the nobleness and worth of the son whom he has lost.

Early in Mr. Vaughan's life the predispositions which moulded his entire life were displayed. Until his thirteenth year he was trained at home, as his father's pupil, in company with two or three other boys, a little older than himself. We are not surprised that in such a home his moral nature should have been harmoniously trained, gathering robustness from the wise tuition of his father, and the bloom of rich and gentle affectionateness from the ripening atmosphere of love that per-

vaded his family. Still less can we be surprised that he was fated to be a literary man, when we are permitted to look into the Doctor's study some thirty years ago, and to witness such a beautiful scene as the following: the Doctor writes,—

“While quite a child he often sat at my feet for considerable intervals, with his book on his knee, he intent on his work, and I on mine. On one of these occasions, I remember him suddenly looking up, saying, ‘Papa, I think I must be a literary man.’ ‘Do you, Al,’ was my reply, ‘what makes you think so?’ ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I remember being within the sound of the scratching of your pen almost as long as I can remember anything.’”

This bent of his mind grew more decided as his taste was gratified, and his talents exercised, at the University College School. Mathematics he may have shunned, or taken perforce, and on principle, as a healthful though bitter alterative, but in the classics, where he relished the pungency—*leporem quendam et salem*—of their inimitable style; and in history, where his imagination was excited, he pursued his boyish studies with intense and lively interest. These studies, which enlist the eager devotion of his youth, gradually consolidate the habit of patient work, and awaken the purpose of a quiet but resolute ambition. He is no listless loiterer at school, or at college, nor is he merely a mnemonic prodigy, who scores upon the brain every fact and word he learns, but can make no further use of his learning. The active energies of his mind are stimulated and nourished by his increasing knowledge. He appropriates and draws within himself the living aliment of his food, and disports in the joy of his growing, exulting life, with the enthusiasm and exuberant power which only the youth of such a generous nature can feel. He maintained, even then, that modest reserve of manner, which masked through life his bright, happy temper, and the magnanimous soaring of his genius from all save the few before whom that veil was raised. But if unknown in the most genial and noble aspects of his nature, all his fellow-students were bound to respect the correctness and dignity of his deportment, and admire the diligence, accurate scholarship, and classic elegance of young Vaughan. Every session he swept away the prizes for his favourite subjects, and when nineteen years of age was the second man in the University of London in classical honours.

Long ere this, however, he had kindled fires upon another altar, which he tended with vestal ardour and consecration. His love of poetry was the deepest and most essential element of his mental constitution. It was no mere bloom of youth, destined to fade like the fragrant blossoms of the orchard, or

the crimson colouring of the morning twilight. It was inwrought as the most subtle and vivid passion of his nature, and spirited with its invisible charm the very fashion and style of all his future labours. His nature was essentially æsthetic—his susceptibilities were quick and fervid—his sympathies for the beautiful in life or art, and his antipathies to the reverse, were easily but strongly moved—and he was haunted by that craving which marks the artistic nature, to give a clear, rich, finished embodiment to the imagination or feeling of the soul. Whoever knows the keen, exquisite delight of this latter passion must have recourse to poetry for the expression of his worthiest thoughts:—

“The sweetness hath his heart ypierced so
He cannot stint of *singing* by the way.”

Poetry is the highest effort and enjoyment of an æsthetic mind, which demands the most perfect and unrestrained vehicle that sounds can supply to its conceptions; for it is not only, as Coleridge defined it to be, the fittest words in the fittest places, but it allows the sway of rhythm, the diapason tones of music, and the utmost license of the powers of language, in order to realize the artist's demand, and give a complete utterance to his soul. Every page of Mr. Vaughan's writing shows that in the real ground of his mental nature he was a poet. Accordingly it was no idle illusion, no flattering will-o'-the-wisp that lured him from his severer studies to the cultivation of poetry. It was the bright star of his nativity. It was no whim that bent his mind for so many years in the unrelaxing purpose that he should represent in poetic form the history of the Christian religion, embodying in distinct dramas the spirit of each separate epoch. Here spoke out the true instinct of his soul. And we are assured had he been spared in life, after perhaps much strenuous labour of acquisition and exposition in prose, he would, like Milton, have sought again the strong wings of poesy to bear him to the proper home of his thoughts, and left in a poem, as his last and richest work, the golden fruitage of his life.

When his university career had so honourably closed, we are informed he thought of devoting himself to art. Many poets have similarly in youth handled, for the time, the easel and pencil, and abandoned the poetry of words for the poetry of colours. The reason of this temporary passion is not difficult to find. To poetic youth the enjoyment of the beautiful will be mostly sensuous. The changeful aspects of nature, and the forms of human loveliness, will chiefly entrance their imagination. Along with that quick sensitive delight will rise the æsthetic

craving to reproduce the image which impressed them, and these scenes of pensive or brilliant beauty in nature, or those features instinct with spiritual meaning which haunt their imagination, seem at first as if they could be most easily given by the imitation of the pencil and colour. But afterwards the deeper meanings, both of life and nature, seek an utterance which no visible form or colour can render, and they need the fuller medium of language. Mr. Vaughan's love of the pencil, while it did not determine the profession in which his life was spent, being overruled by a yet higher motive, yielded to himself and friends in after life much profitable enjoyment. He plied his pencil with happy ease. The vignettes from his hand, illustrating his father's monograph on Wickliffe, are proofs of this. His intimate friends have had other proofs. We remember his thick note-book, stored with the records of his hurried travel through Italy: many of the sides of its pages are illuminated, like the ancient missals, with his "pencilings by the way," and every fresh page is quaintly adorned at the top corner with a little square picture, such as amusingly introduces us to the fresh chapters of Thackeray's or Dickens's tales. These scenes overrun with the humorous, as well as the poetic, spirit of the artist. He loved to draw a rare, old, ugly gargoyle, with its goblin face, and blown-out mouth, spouting down floods of water; or some of the laughable incidents by rail and steam-boat, in streets and hotels, on Alpine mules, and Venetian gondolas, which keep a good-tempered traveller *en riant* continually. We would recall, too, a well-remembered morning we spent with him at Heidelberg, on his last visit to the Continent. It was only a few weeks before his death. He rode quietly up the winding path which leads to the gateway of the castle. Who that has stood beneath the shadow of that majestic palace, and wandered along its terraces, can disenchant his memory from the lingering spell? Happy morning! many even of the motley crowd of visitors, students, and native *bourgeois*, who passed us, turned to look again at that pale face, whose outlines were so massive, but whose expression was so pure and gentle. The sunshine of the morning was pleasant to him, and awoke all the music of his soul. After sauntering quietly through the inner courts, and some of the dishevelled rooms of the gorgeous ruin, and hearing his descant upon its architecture and history—for to one so familiar with mediæval life the statues and arabesque traceries of its splendid *façades*, the battlements without, and suites of building within, instantly revived the men who had built and inhabited the place, their manner of life, their ideas and deeds, of which all these things were but the fossil imprints,—we sat down in a beautifully

shaded and solitary part of the shrubberies, there to spend the day. Our seat commanded some of the most picturesque points of Elizabeth's garden and palace, and while his friends chatted with him, his Indian ink rapidly pictured the crumbling arches, set with images and overhung with ivy. As was usual with him, both eye and hand found light, and pleasant, and useful work, while his body rested; and these sketches are now the precious memorials of hours that were made happy by his joyous and sacred love. He often spoke of the great usefulness of the art of sketching to literary men, in not only deepening their sympathy with nature, but in giving exactness to their perceptions. The eye is insensibly taught to seize on the particular shapes and hues of every object as if it were about to transfer them to canvas, and so the mind retains a clear and vivid conception of it. They who are acquainted with his writings will feel that he spoke of his own experience when he tells us concerning Goethe, who studied drawing for a time, but, like himself, afterwards left the pencil for the pen.

"In the woof of life the broken threads are gathered up and woven again with care. Nothing is lost. Whether triumphant or abortive in detail, the curiosity, the ambition, the very imitation of youth, work toward the ripe production of wealthy age. Winckelmann contributed to Wilhelm Meister, and the truth of many a description of nature may be traced to the crayon or the brush. The sketches of a poet are studies for poems. The eye acquires a new insight, and the memory a new retentiveness for form and colour, when the habit has been formed of long gazing on a landscape, while asking, How shall I preserve that gleam? how produce that blue? by what touches shall I indicate that particular foliage?"

When Mr. Vaughan was at length obliged to decide as to the profession he would enter upon in life, many circumstances united in leading him to the choice of the ministry. His father's fame as a preacher, and the unconscious mimetic influence which draws so many sons of clergymen into the same profession as their fathers, doubtless operated strongly on this decision. Deeper causes, however, in this instance, irrevocably fixed his choice. His religious feelings, which were early awakened, concentrated in their intensity, as he passed the threshold of youth into the graver purposes of manhood. This is often the case. When the burden of life first presses on us, then the faith of childhood, which hung above us as a beautiful sentiment, descends, with a present power to uphold and animate our faltering spirits. By a necessary consequence, when Mr. Vaughan's mind became so profoundly impressed with the truths of Christianity, he became desirous of minis-

tering these truths to others. The hot fire will burst into a flame. The strong faith will speak. With his new and urgent convictions of the love of Christ, and the evil of sin, it became a necessity for him to live—to write, and speak, so as to testify of that saving love and destroying evil. Hence he determined to become a minister of Christ's Church. He could not, indeed, obliterate the natural bent of his mind, or forego the results of his previous training. Accordingly, though he wishes to speak with living voice to his fellow-men, to warn them and win them to Christ, and his highest ambitions are lowered before the hope that he may thus save some by the preaching of the Gospel; yet he resolves to be a minister of the Lord, not only by his tongue, but by his pen. His passion for literature and poetry was not extinguished. He knew that the most honoured ministers of the Church had sought to defend the truth of Christianity, and to secure its influence among men, from the press as well as from the pulpit. The Church has the noblest literature in the world; and he would contribute to that literature.

In the present day, amid the hurrying and excessive services demanded of a minister, there seems a danger that this high function of the ministry be utterly ignored and lost. It was not so in the strong, healthful, puritan times. And it will be to the peril of our religion if the priesthood of letters in our ministry be diminished or dishonoured. Who shall then guard the bulwarks of our citadel? Literature is operating directly upon the conscience and opinions of men now, in a manner which was impossible in any other age, and would have been deemed incredible even fifty years ago. The Church, therefore, must seize and possess this new and universal power, else its mission in the world will be only half accomplished. Mr. Vaughan appreciated this requirement of our times, and foresaw in the sphere of Christian literature, a service in which his natural taste and faculties would find congenial exercise, while the enthusiasm of his religious zeal would be satisfied by unflagging work.

Just at the juncture of his decision to enter the ministry, Dr. Vaughan became the President of the Theological College near Manchester, which was then inaugurated. The son, therefore, became a student of the father, and remained such for three years. The two aims which gathered into their foci all the aspiration and energy of his nature, are set before us in the two following quotations from his diary, written at the time of his entering upon his theological studies:—

“ Sunday, July 17, 1843 — I earnestly desire to devote every capa-

bility in the utmost to Christ, to spend my life in the immediate service of such a Master, and, as far as my poor ability goes, to be made useful to the cause of His truth in my day and generation. I consider no labour too great to endure for the realization of success as a preacher of the Gospel. In that occupation alone do I expect happiness, because there alone can I be most entirely devoted in my gratitude to the Redeemer. It is my fervent hope that my weakness may be made strength in so great a cause. To be presented faultless, unblameable. And by what means? At what cost?

"What is the beautiful or the great of earth compared with this? Here is a subject at the very least worthy of all the puny powers of any child of man. *Well* may angels desire to look therein. This is the thing which I wish constantly to proclaim, and to ring in men's ears till I die. This is the thing of which I hope ever to have such a growing conviction myself, that no prosperity, or adversity, or chance, or change of this life, may be able to shake my humble trust in Him in whom I have trusted, or obscure my increasing knowledge of Him in whom I have believed."

"Sunday, July 24. — Sheppard recommends, when we would indulge devotion, and are distressed by an insurmountable pre-occupation of the mind, that we endeavour to make our devotion partake of the nature of that pre-occupation rather than run directly counter; to take advantage of that in tacking which would effectually bar all progress if our souls were squared against it. Thus, in my own instance, poetry, which so much absorbs my thought, as indeed all intellectual enjoyments must in their nature do, may be made use of as a means of elevating my thoughts to Him who made the poet, and the nature which the poet pictures, and who must be so far more beautiful than the genius of the one or the reality of the other; or again, it may be poetry consecrated to His service, and endeavouring to invest with all the interest that imagination, harmony and fancy can throw about the subjects of a sacred nature."

The year after he became a theological student, Mr. Vaughan published a volume of poems, entitled, "The Witch of Endor, and other Poems." Some extracts are quoted, in the Memoir, from the longer poem which gave its title to the volume, which show how true was his poetic instinct, and how finely it had been cultivated, even at this early age. He was destined, however, to undergo a rougher intellectual discipline than he was likely to find in poetry. Ere he was twenty-one years of age, his father encouraged him to attack the sesquipedalian folios of the Alexandrian Father Origen, in order that he might write a review article on the life and works of that great man.

This was the first step he took in that course of historical study, along which his life was an eager race; and, probably, this first step determined the whole tenor of his after-work. History was the kind of prose composition in which he was

specially qualified to excel; and his ardent religious faith attracted him with a peculiar sympathetic force to the history of the Church. Having this strong bias and adaptability for Church history, his first essay into its thronged centuries was made into the Alexandrian Church, where the mystical Jew, Philo, had begun to harmonize Greek philosophy and Judaism, by denuding both of their distinctive features, and reducing them to a vague, formless Pantheism. Alexandria was the very hot-bed of mysticism. It looms in history like a fog-bank at sea, and whatever belongs to it, is seen through the mist, with a dim, portentous outline. In philosophy, it was the birthplace of Neo-Platonism, expounded by Plotinus, Proclus, Iamblichus, and Hypatia. In religion, it was the source of the allegorical system of interpretation which so soon corrupted the simplicity of Christian truth and life, and of those mystical notions which introduced the great heresies of Gnosticism into the early Church, and drove many fanatics to the Thebaid. Origen, living in this atmosphere, bore its taint, so that in the study of this distinguished Father, Mr. Vaughan was brought *vis-à-vis* with those subtleties and deceits of mysticism which he was afterwards to unravel. This first historical study of his, casually begun, we doubt not was the seed, accidentally dropped, which brought forth such stores of fruit in "Hours with the Mystics." His chief articles written afterwards hover near the same subject, showing the fascination with which it engrossed his mind. This fascination lay in the sympathy which he felt for the indefinite but glorious dreams—the wild spiritual poetry of the mystics, and in the mental struggle which ensued, from the endeavour to escape those errors which he knew to be so deadly, but felt to be so attractive. His reading for his first article was patient and thorough. In composing it, the grouping of his materials is comprehensive and easy, and over it there was hung, as over all his productions, that glancing brocade of rich illustration and covert humour which invests the driest disquisition with a glow of interest. We do not purpose to criticise this article. As Dr. Vaughan modestly says—and we are sure he is right—"I have reason to believe it was founded on a better knowledge of the opinions of Origen than was possessed at that time by any other man in England." We know not, in fact, another essay, in our language, by so young a man, which can be compared with it for the justness of its thought, the depth of its learning, the variety and grace of its illustration, and the free, *naïve*, natural eloquence of its style. We are amused at the inference which Sir James Stephens draws from this astounding production of a youth only past his majority, viz.,

that the whole species of young men of our time must be far in advance of the young men of former times, because, forsooth, one among them has achieved this marvellous feat. These are his words, addressed in a letter to Dr. Vaughan :—

“I have read your son’s paper on Origen, which confirmed one of my clearest opinions, viz., that the generation of men that are just coming into active life, have an immense advantage over the generation that took that step thirty years ago. At that time there was no youth of my acquaintance, I believe there was none living, who could have produced (there was certainly none who did produce) a composition so full of sound learning, so highly wrought up, without any tawdry ornament, and so continually progressing (the Yankees should be thanked instead of ridiculed for the word) from one firm and weighty meaning to another.”

Neither, Sir James, in the present time will you find another youth among your acquaintance, or elsewhere, capable of producing such a composition. We protest, therefore, against the logic which thus judges *ex uno omnes*, and attributes to a supernatural advance of the species what was the peculiar and solitary excellence of the individual.

Mr. Vaughan spent one year in Germany before he settled as a pastor. His experience as a student in Halle is accompanied with a grave, sad interest. He here sank to the nadir of his spiritual sphere, and seems to voyage through the “darksome desert” of chaos and ancient night. He had applied himself then, for the first time, to the fundamental inquiries of metaphysics; and when introduced to the daring absurdities and contradictions of German philosophy, he is bewildered.

“A universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the *hollow dark*, assault his ear
With loudest vehemence.”

The discipline of the fearful ordeal, however, was good, and enabled him to understand the distraction and agony of some of the mystics, whose erratic experience and faith he was thus preparing to explain. His suspense of doubt did not last long, and the solemn lesson which was cut upon his memory by the sharp edge of trial, is touchingly recorded in these words. How many who have gone through similar distress, will confirm them with their deep Amen !

“It is well to know ourselves, but such knowledge, too exclusively, is not good. If any one would meditate more on himself, let him

also meditate more on Christ, or the sight of the plagues of his own heart will rob him of all hope and consolation. So have I found it, to my sorrow. We believe it, but experience alone can stamp the lesson deeply, that love to Christ is knowledge, and gratitude to Him, wisdom ; and that at the foot of the cross alone can we with safety reflect upon ourselves. Reasoning may make us believe, but the sense of guilt causes us to *feel*, that Christ must be divine."

From that time his faith was never disturbed, but waxed stronger and clearer till its twilight melted into the eternal day.

On his return from Halle, he became, for a short time, the assistant of the Rev. Mr. Jay, of Bath ; and thence he removed to Birmingham, to assume the pastorate of Steel House Lane Church. His residence in Birmingham extended only over five years ; yet in it the labour of a long life was compressed. As a preacher his fame was rising rapidly, just at the time when he was compelled to retire from the pulpit. At first, the discouragements which surrounded him were great. His quiet style of preaching was not calculated to impress the class of population residing in the immediate locality of the chapel. And often, his sermons, following in the wake of his week's studies, were too remote from the common apprehension of the people to be popular. Never, however, was this the case during the last three years of his pastorate. He had obtained confidence then to lay open to them the secret workings of his heart, rather than the busy labours of his brain. The solemn and tender motives of the Gospel, which urged him so resistlessly to his own consecrated toil, and consoled him in his own sorrows, became the sole topics of his ministry ; and, with an unction from the Holy One, Sabbath after Sabbath, he pressed them on the consciences of his hearers. His appearance and manner at once riveted the attention of an intelligent hearer. The beautiful purity of his majestic face revealed the purity of his soul. The large, calm forehead, surrounded with glossy black curls, the thoughtful pallor of his face ; and the expression of his kind, lustrous eyes, inspired a sort of reverence for the preacher ; and when the glow of feeling, excited by his subject, awoke the repose of his features, and kindled the fire of divine enthusiasm in his eyes, "his face shone with an effulgent light, which awed his audience with its unearthly beauty." His language and manner were always refined and quiet. He never wrote his sermons, at least, so as to commit them to memory, for repetition ; but the sedulous and minute care with which he formed his plan, and inlaid his illustrations, may be learnt from his "Address to Divinity Students on Leaving College" (Vol. II.,

p. 254), which was written out after delivery; but which, in the order of its paragraphs, and even in the happiest touches of expression, seemed to be an exact transcript of what was delivered. In his preaching, as in his writings, there was an overflowing wealth of imagery; and if his hand loved to draw vignette scenes, for amusement, he loved to paint them also for instruction, in his sermons. With what fineness of language—what freshness of feeling—he pictured the life of the Lord, scene after scene, till the whole history grew vivid and bright as a reality before the mind. We remember how thus he carried his audience to the gate of the city of Nain, and so showed us there the pitying love of Jesus towards the desolate widow, that most of the congregation were bathed in tears; and again took us to the upper chamber, where the Last Supper was eaten, that we might hear the sublime consolations, which our departing Saviour, forgetful of Himself, left to His apostles, and to us. The lives of the saints, too, furnished examples of patience and exulting faith, which became, through his thrilling presentation of them, the inspiration both of his own soul, and of all who heard him. As we thus meditate upon old Sabbaths, and their memories break upon us with an almost painful distinctness, we mourn in silence the death of the young preacher, whose solemn, gentle mien, and winning words, are enshrined as the holiest memory of many souls. That voice is now heard no more—that face, so seraphically bright, is now as the dust of the field;—but the spirit which spoke to us, and shone upon us, is crowned with immortality.

From public life Mr. Vaughan shrank with a peculiar sensitiveness. He seems often to have combated this weakness, as he deemed it, of his nature. Accordingly, we find in his diary, on his thirty-first birthday, when reviewing his work at Birmingham, this self-criticism, and fresh resolution: "So many things necessary; pastoral duties, for instance, and speech-making, have been done but indifferently, with half a heart. I shall try to do all I do with my whole heart, remembering that if worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Nature, however, was too strong for him, and the studious habits which he had fostered from his childhood. He never became a public man; and we should have been sorry if he had. His physical strength was quite unequal for the wear and tear of public life. Speech-making and committee work were quite foreign to his nature; and in all verity, there must be a division of labour in the ministry, as in other professions. Granted that such duties must be attended to, we have also shown that the ministry must take a different position in literature from that which they now hold; equipped alike with

scholarship, to rebut the new assaults of infidelity, and with a popular grace, to influence the minds of the people through every form of popular literature. Heavy public work, and literary work, are notoriously incompatible with each other, save when there is an amazing versatility of genius, and corresponding robustness of constitution.

Wisely, therefore, did Mr. Vaughan consecrate his strength to his own vocation, leaving others better fitted, by temperament and habits, to conduct the public business of the Church and the town. This work, however, is different from pastoral visitation, which he likewise shunned. He thought himself unsuited for it. He writes to a friend :—

“In many respects I am but ill-qualified for the pastoral office—the practical quickness which understands, manages, comforts, instructs personally some hundreds of one’s fellow-creatures, of every age, station, and variety of character. In this work I was only to a moderate extent successful, and all I did was done by no wisdom or knowledge of mankind, or adroit discernment of character, but simply by kindness and sympathy; and important as these things are, they are by no means all—leave a great deal undone of rougher work, and are still more inadequate when associated, as in my case, with a certain shyness, deficient self-confidence, and a want of conversational fluency.”

Mr. Vaughan has here admirably hit off the *beau-idéal* of the pastoral character; and he doubtless felt himself incapable of realizing such a faultless model. He might, however, have relied more confidently on the real kindness and sympathy of his heart, and, mixing more with his people, the other deficiencies which he laments—of reserve and lack of conversational fluency—would have been rectified. The strongest reason, however, for his shunning all external engagements was the passion that drew him to his study. In his study he felt he could do best his Master’s work. There every power of his being had free, glad, and bounding exercise; consequently, in his study he was at home. He writes: “In my study, and among my books, ‘my bosom’s lord sits lightly on her throne.’ I have it all my own way, of course, for real hard work is my delight.” And few have left such lasting monuments of diligence in their study. During his five years’ residence in Birmingham, while engaged in preaching twice every Sunday, and in conducting two week-evening services every week, together with the countless minor engagements which fritter away a minister’s time, he wrote the greater portion of the reviews which now form the chief contents of these two volumes—prepared all the materials for his great work, “Hours

with the Mystics," and composed most of its sections. The labour undergone for this last work, few can appreciate. Merely that he might mine his way to materials for his History, he acquired, during those five years, the Dutch, Spanish, and old German languages; while the works that were studied, in Alexandrian Greek, Mediæval Latin, Provençal French, &c., required almost the learning of a new language for each separate work. How rare these acquirements are, may be conceived when, in reference to only one of these languages, the old German, Professor Tholuck wrote to Mr. Vaughan, expressive of his amazement at his facile translations from it, and said that there were not more than one or two scholars even in Germany who could boast of such an acquaintance with their own mother tongue.

In his study, Mr. Vaughan worked with extraordinary rapidity, but also with the most scrupulous care. In preparing for his book, he hoarded the materials for each epoch of his history with miserly greed, and arranged them as exactly as the cabinet treasures of a museum. He had a large folio, divided into separate slits, or compartments, as he had divided the different epochs of mysticism, and in these every item of intelligence, as it was discovered, was garnered till he began to write *in extenso*. There was great nicety too even in the method of his study-table; though covered with books, they were not littered in confusion upon each other. His eye seemed to rest upon each, and take in its contents, while his flying pen filled the pages of his own MSS. He seldom needed to blot and erase, and correct his own composition; with such delicate accuracy did his mind form his sentences ere they were thrown upon paper.

The theory of composition, however, was a perpetual study with him; and to the last moment of his life, he was aspiring to a stronger, simpler style. Often, too, his sentences, if they jangled in their construction, or were ill-balanced, preyed upon his mind, till he was able to remedy them. If, therefore, his pages were little blurred by erasures, it was not from want of the most severe revision, but from the care of the first composition; and if he once began to correct, he generally pulled his sentence or paragraph to pieces, that he might re-construct it *de novo*. We do not stay to criticise a style which was so rigorously fashioned: we rather seek to point out the indefatigable industry which was necessary to produce the elegance and varied rhythm of his writings. The stern principle which regulated him in his study was the imperious necessity for work. The two following brief sentences reveal in their lightning blaze the inner, unconquerable spirit of the man:

"So to mistake difficulties for impossibilities, is the error of the weak. Here lies the difference between those who do *something* and those who do *nothing*." "The fewer mere *wishes*, the more *willings*; and to *will* rather than to *wish*, is the difference between strength and weakness."

Out of his study, however, and that stoicism which so absolutely ruled over self was gone. In his family, and among his friends, none was so amiable and so self-denying as he. We little knew the source of that unwearying love, which thought for every one, and secured some pleasure for all. But now it is revealed to us in these memoirs. He writes thus in his diary:—

"'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' The members of a household, the friends with whom you correspond, all your Christian circle, are these members of Christ to serve and make them happier, to rejoice and comfort them, to save them pain, and give them joy, and love, and cheerfulness, by self-sacrifice. This is to serve Christ. Let thy thanksgiving run out into this, let a fellow-creature, a brother, be happier. Amen. I can make no return to Christ, but I can gratify Him by loving and aiding His own."

Many of his friends will review their intimacy with him in the light of this passage, and feel their hearts throb with a new affection, as they now can explain an intercourse which seemed too pure, too blessed for earth.

It was not merely, however, this loveliness of disposition which gave a charm to his friendship. He complained of a want of conversational fluency in general company. But there was no such want in his own home, and among his familiar friends. Here he felt none of the timid reserve which prevented him from taking the lead in the conversation of a promiscuous party. And his conversation was free and happy, the very outpouring of his soul. One element, indeed, prevailed in his table talk, which was restrained too much in his writings—the element of humour. He loved to sport in its sunny atmosphere, where his own spirit was happy, and all was bright around. We have known none in whom humour existed so free from all streaks of bitterness or impurity. It was blended with his dearest and most devout thoughts. We quote the words of a friend, with which we can perfectly sympathize:—

"There was no satire, because there was no bitterness, in his nature, but humour—quaint, fantastic, happy humour, like Paul Richter's, only more elegant, overflowed his table talk, and imparted to it the richest flavour. Yet over all his speech and manner there breathed a sacred tenderness, which flowed not from any earthly source, but was the fragrance of a heavenly spirit. His child-like

faith in God gave the secret and sweetest charm to his life. His nature, which was truthful, affectionate, and given to meditation, seemed to be ground well prepared for the seed of God; and surely in it that seed so grew and fructified as is rarely seen on earth. He always appeared to me like the beloved apostle, whose head lay confidently on the breast of Christ, and to whom were revealed the most glorious visions of the beautiful future of Christ's Church. The purity of conscience, and womanly gentleness of feeling; the enchanting imagination and spiritual insight, the strong trust and ecstatic joy, which are especially attributed to that apostle, were all of them characteristic of my dear friend."

Mr. Vaughan was compelled to retire from the pastorate of the church in Birmingham, in June, 1855; and in Christ, on Monday, the 26th of October, 1857, he died. His disease was that too fatal malady, consumption. The greater part of these two years were spent in London, where he laboured with his pen for Christ, when his tongue was silent. How pathetic is the short story of his death, written by his father: "About two hours after the seizure (the last) had commenced, the sufferer, on being reminded of the goodness of God, which had helped him through so much, replied, with emphasis, 'Yes, God is very good.' These were all but his last words. He said soon afterwards, but with much calmness of manner: 'This is very like dying.' The rest was silence. During the next half hour there was often a smile on his face, which spoke when the tongue could not; and the last breath passed as a gentle sigh, and all was ended. So his pure spirit came to know, according to his own words, what it is to have that last event 'over;' to have 'death behind and not before,' and was summoned to those regions, where it becomes a matter of consciousness, and not merely of faith, that this 'faith is not our only sphere of action.'" Quiescat in pace. Resurget in gloriam.

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

It is with a feeling somewhat akin to disappointment, that we this time address ourselves to our quarterly task. Whether German *littérateurs* during the quarter have set their houses in order, and in a body betaken themselves to Cherbourg or to the Spas, leaving the disconsolate reviewer almost alone in his glory, or whether they are only preparing for a more vigorous resumption of work next "season," we must, in the meantime, leave undecided. Certain it is, that comparatively few noteworthy books have, within the last three months,

found their way from the "fatherland" to our shores; the only comfort being, that those which have been imported, are, in point of merit, above the average. What we have, therefore, lost in *quantity* we may, perhaps, have gained in *quality*.

In dogmatic theology there is an absolute dearth of material. Our catalogues report the appearance of the usual number of stray sermons, and works of an edifying character. But neither in one nor the other of these branches of literature are our German friends successful. Their sermons generally labour under a *plethora* of words—the thoughts appearing "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." These specimens of "circumlocutionism," too frequently pointless and shapeless, contrast very unfavourably with the terse and nervous style of pulpit oratory which distinguishes some of our own prominent preachers, or with the beauty and elegance of the drapery employed by others. A similar censure applies to much of the *modern* "edifying" literature of Germany. The peculiar charm and utility of these pieces of composition, which formerly caused them to be so much prized in this country, lay in the subjectiveness of their tone, in the mystic leaven which so many Protestant German writers seemed to have carried with them from the school of Tauler and others. Unfortunately that tendency has very much passed away. Instead of the utterances of deep attachment to, and communion with, a personal Saviour—the manifestations of the "inner life"—we have now the veriest platitudes given in a form which makes you wonder at the taste that could produce, or the public which would appreciate them. What Germany seems most urgently to need at present, is a supply of popular religious writers and of energetic speakers. To them a field of wide usefulness seems open, and with them (humanly speaking) may lie the means not only of awakening the masses, but of combining earnest men to evangelical action, and of sweeping away those cobwebs of ecclesiasticism which are fast gathering in the Churches of Germany.

Probably the specimens of "*erbauliche lecture*" (edifying reading) and of sermons which lie before us are among the most favourable of the class. At any rate, if names are to be taken as a guarantee of excellency, we should expect that a "Sunday Library," edited by Professor Tholuck of Halle,¹ and sermons composed by Professor Hagenbach of Basle,² would occupy a place sufficiently prominent. But of the first of these productions we must speak in terms decidedly derogatory; while the latter, at least, deserves not great commendation. The part of the "Sunday Library," which we have examined, gives the biography of the pious Pastor Valerius Herberger, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries, and that of a much more

¹ Sonntags-Bibliothek. Lebensbeschreibungen Christlich-frommer Männer, zur Erbauung u. Erweckung d. Gemeine. Eingeleitet von Dr. A. Tholuck. Bielefeld: Velhagen u. Klasing.

² Predigten von Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Neuere Sammlung. 4 Theile. Basel: Georg. 1858.

dubious character, a Captain or Colonel Rieger. Rieger was the bosom friend of the dissipated Charles, duke of Wurtemberg, and the main instrument of his despotism and nefarious administration. In a fit of sudden displeasure, Rieger was degraded and sent to a frightful dungeon, where, it is supposed, he turned pious. At a later period he was restored to court favour, and made governor of a fortress, where, in turn, it was his to exercise kindred torture on an unlucky *littérateur*, who having been guilty of the heinous sin of writing against Duke Charles, in an evil hour was caught on Wurtemberg territory. The poet, also, is supposed to have become religious in prison, but when restored to liberty he speedily assumed his old ways. We confess to something like disgust at such maudlin unrealities, vastly different from the lofty and noble ideas which we associate with a genuine Christianity. The four small volumes of sermons by Dr. Hagenbach are thoroughly evangelical in tone, but mediocre in thought and style. If originally composed in English they would scarcely have found a publisher in this country—unless, indeed, under special circumstances of favouritism, which it becomes not a “German reviewer” to detail.

We rejoice to be able to give an account, very different from the above, of the late Dr. Heubner's “Practical Exposition of the New Testament,” now in course of publication, under the editorship of Dr. Hahn.³ The volume before us gives commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans, and on the two Epistles to the Corinthians. Rarely have we seen great learning employed to better practical purpose. A brief summary of each chapter is followed by an exposition of every verse—not critical or philological, but thoroughly exegetical. Each section is also arranged and analyzed for homiletical purposes. The tendency of the work is thoroughly evangelical, the interpretation is sound and exact, the tone elevated, and the style practical. Where necessary, brief dogmatic discussions are inserted. Manifestly, the author had stores of learning at command. These he has employed in furnishing a commentary, which, without the parade of critical researches, gives the results of modern Biblical investigations, adapted for the family, the study, and the pulpit. We would seriously recommend these volumes to the attention of those firms who have undertaken to furnish us with the best German literature, in an English garb. Professor Tischendorf, of Leipzig, is engaged on publishing a seventh edition of his Greek New Testament,⁴ in which, among other aids, he avails himself of the labours of Angelo Mai (“*Novum Testamentum ex Antiquissimo Codice Vaticano*”). Any undertaking, which has the guarantee of Professor Tischendorf's name, deserves the respectful attention of the critical student. We look with pleasurable antici-

³ Dr. H. L. Heubner's *Praktische Erklärung des Neuen Testaments*. Herausgegeben von Dr. A. Hahn. 3ter Band. Potsdam: Hein. 1858.

⁴ *Novum Testamentum Græce. Ad Antiquos Testes denuo recensuit, apparatus Crit. omni Studio perfectum apposuit, Commentat. Isagogicam prætexuit.* Const. Tischendorf, id. 7ma. Leipzig: Winter. 1858.

pation to the completion of the professor's labours, when he promises also to furnish a criticism of Mai's edition of the New Testament. We have been much pleased with Dr. Huther's "Commentary on the Epistle of James,"⁵ which forms Part XV. of Meyer's "Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the New Testament." In opposition to Luther, and to not a few others in Germany, the authenticity and canonicity of this epistle is maintained. The critical apparatus is excellent in most instances, the interpretation correct, and even striking. Dr. Huther admits that, like Paul, James had expected justification, not by works, but only through faith in the Son of God. Having, with singular clearness, traced the apparent discrepancies between these apostles, he resorts to a novel, although incorrect mode of reconciling them. Among the many apt statements, made to present these divergences in their proper light, we extract one, which, although contained in a footnote, deserves a much more prominent place: "We doubt not but that even before their conversion, Paul and James had occupied a different position, in reference to the law. The former—a Pharisee—regarded it as the means of obtaining righteousness. In seeking to attain this object, he continually felt that the law was a ζυγος, crushing him down. On the other hand, James was one of those pious men, who, trusting in the covenant of grace, which God had made with His people, regarded the law as a sign of this covenant, and hence, as an expression of Divine love, in which he felt joy and comfort (Ps. cxix. 92; xix. 8—11). Accordingly, Paul found peace when, in and through Christ, he felt himself free from the law; James, when, in and through Christ, he felt strength to obey the law." This passage, rightly understood, will, we are convinced, materially aid in understanding the point of view from which Paul and James, in their Epistles, presented the law. There is no conflict between them; they are only different colours of one and the same ray of light. It therefore requires not the artificial, and, we believe, incorrect mode of conciliation proposed by our author. Dr. Huther holds, that while the term being "justified," as employed by Paul, refers to our being placed in a new relationship to God, the same expression in James applies to the future and ultimate judgment of God. We are astonished that our author should not have perceived the arbitrariness and fallacy of this hypothesis; and, even more so, that he does not appear to have remembered that this double view of justification closely approximates that propounded by the Council of Trent (Comp. Sessio vi., *passim*). But despite this, and perhaps other drawbacks, the student will find very much in this commentary to interest and instruct him, and we feel considerable satisfaction in adding it to the already large stores which Germany has prepared for the better understanding of the Word of God.

⁵ Kritisch Exegetischer Kommentar über d. Neue Testament. Von Dr. H. A. W. Meyer. 15te Abtheil: den Brief des Jakobus umfassend. Bearbeitet von Dr. J. E. Huther. Göttingen: Vanderhoeck u. Ruprecht. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

Dr. Herzog's "Real Encyclopædia for Protestant Theology,"⁶ is holding on its course. We have now the first part of Vol. IX. before us; and although in so vast an undertaking the articles must almost necessarily be unequal in value, the work as a whole sustains its high character. The articles on Medler, Megander, and especially that on Melancthon (by Dr. Landerer), those on the Mennonites, on the Mass, on Melchisedec, &c., may be mentioned as very favourable specimens presented in the part under review. We may also take this opportunity of mentioning that the condensed American translation of this work has reached Part VI.⁷ It calls for little additional remark, nor does either the slowness of its appearance, or the mode of its execution, induce us to retract the very modified commendation we have formerly given it. In ecclesiastical history we have only one work of general interest on which to report. A third volume of the "Lives and Select Writings of the Fathers and Founders of the Reformed Church," giving the life of Peter Martyr Vermigli, by Prof. Schmidt of Strasburg,⁸ has just appeared. Before entering on a criticism of this excellent production, we deem it right once more and very cordially to recommend this series to the attention of our readers. Far too little has yet been done to make the lives and labours of the founders of the Calvinistic section of the Protestant Church known to the general public. The undertaking of which the work under review forms part, was therefore seasonable, and its execution, so far as it has proceeded, leaves nothing to be desired. Vol. I., containing the life of Zwingli, has already been translated into English, and to it we propose shortly to call the attention of our readers. Meantime we cannot but express astonishment at the offhand and disparaging notice of that book which has lately appeared in one of the Reviews, we may add, with more of zeal than of knowledge. To return, the life of Peter Martyr is, in many respects, of peculiar interest. It affords a glimpse into the Italian Reformation, and it presents a picture of our own country under the reign of Edward VI., especially of the University of Oxford, where Martyr for a time taught. Peter Martyr was born of rich and noble parents at Florence, September 8, 1500. The training of his pious mother led him early to serious meditation, and, as common in those days with serious persons, to seek admission to an Augustin monastery, much to the displeasure of his father. Distinguished by theological lore and oratorical talent, Vermigli soon attained high posts in his order, and was thus enabled to take a leading part in the Reformatory movement which took place in Italy.

⁶ Real Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie u. Kirche. Herausgegeben von Dr. Herzog. Vol. IX. Part I. Stuttgart u. Hamburg: Besser. 1858.

⁷ The Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia: being a condensed Translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopædia, with Additions from other sources. By the Rev. Dr. Bomberger. Part VI. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

⁸ Leben u. Ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. Reformirten Kirche, Peter Martyr Vermigli. Leben u. Ausgewählte Schriften. Von Dr. C. Schmidt. Elberfeld: Friedrichs. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

When Vermigli became prior of the monastery S. Petri ad Aram, at Naples, a spirit of religious inquiry had already sprung up. The sectaries of the Middle Ages had passed away—the indications, although not the healthy exponents, of a new ecclesiastical tendency. Humanism, or the restoration of the study of classical literature, had failed to reform the mental and moral degradation under which Italy and the Church groaned. On the contrary, it gave rise to an incredible amount of infidelity, and with it of venal laxity. Under these circumstances earnest men felt all the more impelled to seek peace and a new life in a revival of religion. The “Oratory of Sacred Love,” and the order of the Thiratinens, were the first fruits of such movements. As yet it contained very different elements. Some of those who took part in it, like Cardinal Caraffa, clung with tenacity to Rome; others, like Contarini, Marone, and especially Pole, deemed it possible, at least, to remain in communion with the Curia; while only a few, at an early period, saw and felt that they were fast drifting into opposition to the Papacy. But as yet they were united, and unitedly gave once more prominence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and to kindred precious truths. Under the influence of such men, Pope Paul III., for a time, seemed to join the movement. The leading members of the Oratory were made cardinals, and nominated a commission to inquire into the means of reforming the Church. But their elevation eventually proved their moral ruin. In Naples the goodly Juan Valdes, secretary to the viceroy, had gathered around him a circle of devout men and women—clerics, professors, noblemen, and gentle ladies. The main defect of their tendency lay in the exclusively subjective and sentimental direction which it took. Under an Italian sky, amid the lovely scenes around Naples, and enjoying the large hospitality of noblemen, it was felt comparatively easy to dream, to poetize, and to “contemplate.” It was another and a more stern call to distinguish objective truth, and for its sake to give up all, to join a poor, persecuted, and illiterate band, to break the ties of family and of friendship—in short, to take up the cross and follow Christ. Comparatively few were capable of such devotedness; among them, however, Ochino, the first orator of his age in Italy, and Peter Martyr. The pure preaching of the word soon led to persecution. Anticipating the storm, Vermigli removed to Lucca, where, both as a theological teacher and as a preacher, he still advanced towards a secession from Rome. Rapidly he gathered converts, and associated with himself in the work several excellent men, among whom we may specially mention the Jewish convert Tremellius, afterwards his colleague in Germany, where he professed the Hebrew language. It will scarcely be wondered at that the Ultramontane party, which was now fast increasing, should have prepared for getting quit of so dangerous a person as Vermigli appeared to be. Conversations with his friend Cardinal Contarini, must have convinced him how little Christendom had to expect from Rome—the establishment of the Inquisition, and an accusation laid against himself before that tribunal, showed how much he, individually, had to apprehend. His resolution was soon

taken. Leaving all his emoluments, past and prospective honours, he fled—in company with a few friends, among them Ochino—to Switzerland, where he formed the Protestant Church. He was soon followed by a number of his former pupils and friends. After the lapse of a short time he succeeded Capito as Professor of Old Testament Exegetics at Strasburg, where he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Bucer, and intercourse with some of his old Italian colleagues. This peaceful and happy sphere of usefulness was not destined to be of long duration. The unsuccessful issue of the Shenalcalde War (so far as the Protestants were concerned), obliged Peter Martyr, Bucer, and many others to leave Strasburg. They found an appropriate field of labour in England, where, under the reign of Edward VI., the work of Reformation was being carried on. In Oxford, whither Martyr went as professor, he met, however, with a good deal of opposition from the Popish party. A public discussion—occasioned by the opposition of one Dr. R. Smith, not a very creditable champion of the old Church—terminated to the advantage of the Reformed cause. Still, in many things, Martyr was far from comfortable in England. The feeling of jealousy and hostility towards foreigners, which, we fear, has not yet died out among us, was in his case increased by religious antagonism; besides, neither he nor his wife understood our language; the climate was felt to be disagreeable; and when at last Martyr's wife and Bucer died, our Reformer longed to leave the murky island. The wish but too speedily became reality. No sooner had the "bloody Mary" ascended the throne than a religious reaction set in. Martyr deemed himself lucky to have escaped with his life to the Continent, whither he was soon followed by a crowd of Protestant fugitives, whose history is briefly adverted to in the volume before us. In Strasburg, which once more gave him shelter, he not only learned the troubles which befell the infant Church he had helped to found, but the indignities which, under the direction of Cardinal Pole, his former friend in Italy, were heaped even on the bodies of those dear to him, among others, on the remains of his own wife, of Bucer, and of Fagius. But in Strasburg, also, new troubles awaited Martyr. Strict Lutheranism was fast gaining the ascendancy; and while exacting from Martyr and his Calvinistic colleagues strict silence on controversial points, they deemed themselves at liberty to indulge in open attacks and insults against those whom they denounced as the "Sacramentarians." Ultimately Martyr left to find a more congenial sphere at Zurich, where he continued till his death (Nov. 12, 1562), honoured by all the Protestant churches, and respected even by his Popish opponents. His writings, especially his commentaries, have lost much of the importance which his contemporaries were wont to attach to them; but his dogmatic treatises are still of considerable interest, and his views, especially on the Lord's Supper, present a peculiar modification of Calvinism. Besides the life of Martyr, we have before us, on the subject of Reformation history, a reprint, with historical notes by Professor Böcking, of three remarkable tractates, respectively dating from the years 1518, 1521, and

1532.⁹ The first of these—"Orationes de Decimis"—gives the plea of Legate Cajetan for a contribution on behalf of the Pope, and a reply to it; the second—"Oratio Christi pro Luthero"—details some of the nefarious doings at Rome; the third—"Responsio ad Apologiam Croti Rubeani"—contains a satirical reply to the tractate of a Popish convert. The publication is not without its interest to ecclesiastical antiquarians. The same remark applies to Dr. Piper's "Calendarium and Paschal Tables of Charles the Great,"¹⁰ reprinted from a well-known MS. in the Louvre Library, and dating from the year 781. Besides reproducing, with notes, the "Calendar and Easter Tables" of the Emperor Charles, Professor Piper gives also an account of the various Easter cycles of the Latin and Greek Churches during the Middle Ages.

More or less strictly connected with Hebrew literature we have three publications which deserve a notice. Dr. Lewysohn, of Worms, furnishes us with an excellent volume on the "Zoology of the Talmud."¹¹ Following in the wake of Bochart's "Hierozoicon" and Rosenmüller's "Handbook of Biblical Antiquities," making also large use of the labours of Jewish writers, our author attempts, so far as the "Zoology of the Talmud" is concerned, to do what Zanz, Ehrmann, Wundorbar, Schwartz, &c., have done in respect of its numismatics, mathematics, medicine, geography, &c. A general introduction, detailing the views of the Talmudists, on the origin, constitution, habits, propagation, &c., of the various classes of animals, is followed by a detailed account of each class and species. The author displays considerable research and learning, and his book will prove of great value to students of Talmudical lore. We can scarcely expect, however, that it will obtain a very general circulation, even among those interested in such subjects. Its minuteness, and the absence of great and comprehensive outlines, or of broad criticism, makes it somewhat dry reading, which we shall therefore devolve on Jewish historians and antiquarians, expecting that in return they will in a few pages present us with a good and critical analysis of the whole subject. Another defect we have noticed in the book is that the author too frequently adopts an apologetic rather than a strictly historical tone, and intermingles his own and modern notions with the opinions of the Talmudists. Sufficient, however, is contained even in this volume to confirm our former ideas of the Talmud itself. Interesting as a storehouse of antiquarian and historical notices, and as an index of the state of civilization at the time, its value in a religious point of view is very small, while its many fables and inaccuracies deprive it of every title to be regarded either as an absolute authority, or as a standard of faith and duty. It is almost incredible

⁹ Drei Abhandlungen über Reformationsgeschichtliche Schriften. Von Dr. Eduard Böcking. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1858.

¹⁰ Karl des Grossen Kalendarium u. Ostertafel. Aus d. Pariser Urschrift herausgegeben u. erläutert, nebst e. Abhandlung über d. Latein. u. Griech. Ostereykeln d. Mittelalters. Von Dr. F. Piper. Berlin: Decker. 1858.

¹¹ Die Zoologie des Talmuds. Eine umfassende Darstellung d. Rabbin. Zoologie. Von Dr. L. Lewysohn. Frankfurt a. M.: Baer. 1858.

that a religious system should be founded on such a basis, and the ingenuity of many who select portions of the Talmud, assigning to them the character of religious authority, while they reject the rest, must to the impartial student appear unsatisfactory, inconsistent, and illogical. More ample and unconditional commendation than on the work of Dr. Lewysohn we have to bestow on Dr. Graetz's "Legislature of the Western Goths in reference to the Jews."¹² The author, who is already favourably known by his contributions to kindred departments of investigation, here gives a brief account of the state of the Jews under the domination of the Goths, examining in detail the severe and cruel laws which bore on them, and concluding that these referred, not to unbaptized Jews, but to renegade converts. The publication deserves notice, both as illustrating a difficult subject, and as displaying considerable research. An unpretending, but exceedingly useful little work, is the "Hebrew Vocabulary for the Use of Schools," by Mr. Stier,¹³ of which Part II. now lies before us. In this section Mr. Stier enumerates the Hebrew substantives and adjectives, arranging them into nouns without a generic termination, nouns with a feminine termination, and adjectives and participles of both genders. Each of these classes is again subdivided according to a simple and rational plan, which will prove very helpful to the student. We are astonished that Hebrew school-books, such as "Nägelsbach's Hebrew Grammar" and this Vocabulary, have not yet been imported into our own country and schools.

In secular history we have to report of two exceedingly interesting works. Heeren and Akert's "History of European States" has advanced another step towards completion by the appearance of Vol. V. of Dr. Pauli's "History of England."¹⁴ In this volume Dr. Pauli details the history of the fifteenth century (from the reign of Henry IV. to that of Henry VIII.) and that in the same masterly manner as in former volumes. It may safely be said that this is the most accurate, painstaking, and satisfactory account of the events which took place in our country during this period. Dr. Pauli has largely drawn from unpublished sources, and spared neither labour nor trouble to make his work as nearly perfect as possible. During the troubled period which this volume describes, there were unfortunately fewer records of events kept than at other times, more especially than in the fourteenth century. The historical writings of the fifteenth century also, too often partake of the character of that age, being conceived in a violent party-spirit, and frequently untrustworthy. As to other obstacles in his way, Dr. Pauli complains of the removal of the ancient records from the Tower, and of the want of internal arrangement in the recent publications of the state-papers. But

¹² Die Westgothische Gesetzgebung in Betriff der Inden. Von Dr. H. Graetz. Breslau: W. G. Korn. 1858.

¹³ Hebräisches Vocabularium Zum Schulgebranch. Zusammengestellt von G. Stier. 2te Abtheilung. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

¹⁴ Geschichte von England. Von Dr. Reinhard Pauli. 5ter Band. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

the greater the difficulties to be overcome the more praise is due to the performance of our author, which we regard both as the best English history of that period, and as a specimen of German industry and accuracy. Lastly, we have to notice the appearance of Vol. III. of Gervinus's "History of the Nineteenth Century."¹⁵ The volume gives an account of the War of Independence of South America, of the Spanish Revolution of 1820, of the Neapolitan rising, and of the royalist reaction in France. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of this history; the subjects treated for the interest attaching to it. There is only one, to us, disagreeable feature which we have repeatedly marked, not only in this volume, but in others emanating from a certain section of the liberal party in Germany: we mean their apparent dislike of England's policy. We do not mean to assert for our country either immaculate purity of motive or unfailing correctness of action, but we are convinced that the continually recurring charge of commercial selfishness made by these writers against Britain is substantially false. We believe that, however ill our rulers may sometimes have ordered affairs, in this respect *misrepresenting* the people, the great mass of Englishmen have always sympathized with what was great and noble; and that although at times our interference, and at others, our non-interference, most frequently the indecision of our ministry, may have placed England in a disadvantageous light, her policy as a whole and her position have greatly contributed to the advancement of liberty and civilization throughout the world.

We had marked other historical works for criticism. But if, in this hot season, even Germans refuse to write, we may be excused from furnishing long notices; and possibly some of our readers may feel that it will be more pleasant to see the Fatherland than to be told about it or even about its literary representatives.

Brief Notices.

RELIGION IN THE WEST: Tractarianism farther Unveiled. To the People of Cumberland, and especially the Readers of the "Carlisle Patriot." London: W. H. Collingridge. 1858.

It is high time that Dissenters and, indeed, all serious men directed their attention to the doings which this small but earnest and important publication describes. The writer calls our attention to two facts—one of general interest to the Protestant community; the other a somewhat strange business, which more especially concerns our friends in Cumberland. It appears, that in the list of school-books recommended by the Committee of Privy Council on

¹⁵ Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. 3ter Band. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 1858.

Education, and furnished by them *at a lower rate* for the use of schools, some publications, which are the exponents of the rankest Popery, are introduced. As neither note nor comment in the list indicates the religious tendency of these books, unwary teachers or parents may order them in ignorance of their real character, or Tractarian "clerks" and schoolmasters introduce them for the purpose of instilling their peculiar views into the minds of the children. Such, at least, was the case till within a comparatively recent period. Surely there is a twofold abuse here. If the Privy Council are determined to recommend books in which the adoration of the Virgin and the efficacy of the sign of the cross are extolled, let them, at least, tell us, that in purchasing a certain "First Book of Reading Lessons," &c., we are procuring a book in which our children will be taught Popery. Nor is it at all clear to us that it is not a misapplication of the funds intrusted to that board, to give "grants in aid" to ostensibly *Protestant* schools, for the purpose of procuring *Popish* books. We are convinced that this subject deserves and requires serious attention. The other matter to which the pamphlet refers, is a pretty little discussion, in which the Revs. W. M. Ganson and J. Brunskill figure, not to the best advantage. These two clerics seem to have been intrusted with the management and superintendence of a national school in which, somehow or other, some of these Popish school-books were introduced. Challenged on the point, like Sam Weller, of illustrious memory, they deemed it safest to plead an *alibi*. They had not signed any application to the Privy Council for such books; nay, Mr. Christie (the writer of the pamphlet) was guilty of calumny and falsehood in charging persons so innocent with this offence! But, despite the absolute denial, it turns out that the signature of one of them—Mr. Brunskill—is attached to no less than *three* copies of said application, and that of Mr. Ganson to *two*. In this case, very curiously, there are two applications for these Popish school-books made on the same day to the Committee of Privy Council, of which one bears his signature, the other not. Altogether, we have traced some distinctive and not altogether uninteresting phases about the whole of this transaction, which elevate it beyond the range of a mere local or party question. Our Cumberland readers would do well to look into such doings. Mr. Christie, the excellent and energetic writer of this pamphlet, deserves our thanks for his exertions in the matter, and for the lucid manner in which he has set the case before the public.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE. From the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

It is difficult to guess what special purpose was meant to be served by the translation of this tractate of the celebrated editor of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments." Having out of view the claims of Lessing as a poet, we cannot but believe that his theological system has long passed away. The little book before us originally appeared as a commentary on, or rather as a correction of, the "Wolfenbüttel

Fragments." Its purport is to show that Biblical revelation was intended to be an educational process, by which mankind were gradually to be led from simple to more elevated truths. While Lessing, therefore, acknowledges the value of the Old Testament, he also implies that it was necessarily full of imperfections, being merely an elementary text-book of moral education. The New Testament represents, indeed, a mighty progress; but it also is imperfect, and in the course of his spiritual development, man is destined speedily to outgrow it. Such are the fundamental ideas of this tractate. Their value need not be discussed, as they happily belong to the past era of Rationalism; and the tractate itself is chiefly interesting, as illustrating the history of that religious aberration.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. A Story, by Edwin Atherston. In Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.

THIS is an account of the fall of Babylon and the destruction of Belshazzar, wrought into a story, with much oriental richness and artistic beauty. The hero, Michael, a gigantic Jew, is made the minister of vengeance on the royal blasphemer, who in vain had sought to possess himself of Michael's bride. The story is very well conceived, and equally well executed; the characters are clearly drawn, and throughout the three volumes the interest is not allowed to flag. But the principal charm of the work lies in its richly poetic language and imagery, which makes it read almost like blank verse. We should have added, that the sentiments are of the most pure and elevated character, and that the story may safely be put into the hands of the young, combining, as it does, instruction with enjoyment, and being equally remarkable for elevation of sentiment, and beauty of style. Mr. Atherston is a true poet, and his works deserve a very large circulation.

EVANGELICAL MEDITATIONS. By the late Rev. Alex. Vinet, D.D. Translated from the French by Professor E. Masson. Post 8vo., pp. 239. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. 1858.

"EVANGELICAL Meditations" are a series of discourses, on a variety of topics, delivered by the late Professor Vinet. They are distinguished by all the author's profound piety, sound orthodoxy, and eloquence of speech. They are remarkable no less for the intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart which they display, than for the power with which the precepts and invitations of the gospel are applied and enforced. Two of these discourses may perhaps attract especial notice, not that they surpass the others in power, thought, or beauty, but because they were delivered at the celebration of two marriages. The volume as a whole, superior, however, in its typography and "getting up," will form an admirable and welcome sequel to "Vital Christianity," by the same author.

HOMELY RHYMES. Edinburgh: Marsh & Beattie; London: Burns & Lambert. 1858.

It is our duty to caution our readers against this rabidly Romish production, claiming our notice under an unsuspected title. It is vulgar, and worthless, as for instance:—

“O well the Souper sly cajoles,
Tries physic, money, food, and coals,
To tempt the needy wretch to sell
His babes, their Ragged School to swell,
That slaughter-house of souls!”

Again:—

“The Catholic child everywhere
Is marked for the heretics’ prey;
Thus their losses they try to repair:
O my God, take me not yet away!”

In fine, and this will be enough:—

“Blessed Mother of God! thine the prayer
That never unanswered ascends!”

A CANTO ON CANT. By a Cantab. London: J. R. Taylor. 1858.

THIS poem reads very like a libel on a person of whom the author says,

“I’d the privilege to call her *Aunt*.”

We have only room for four lines as a specimen of the Cantab’s method:—

“I boldly say, that search creation round,
More hypocrites consummate can’t be found,
Than ’mongst the canting Methodistic clique,
Straight-combed, smooth-tongued, voluble, and sleek.”

A RECORD OF THE PATRIARCHAL Age; or, the Proverbs of Aphobis: before Christ, 1900. By the Rev. D. J. Heath, M.A., Vicar of Brading. London: Longmans. 1858.

THIS is a very curious production, as an attempt at a *seriatim* translation of an ancient Egyptian papyrus. As in the analogous case of Dr. Foster’s readings from the inscribed rocks of Sinai, we must withhold our faith until either we ourselves become more accomplished archaists, or else the evidence produced by the author becomes more convincing. With very scanty success does the translator meet in the art of securing an intelligible consecutive meaning for his sentences—one part of the difficulty being, as we conceive it, the too literal rendering of metaphorical terms. Now all language is full of metaphor, but the metaphor conveyed in every term is generally lost sight of in the colloquial use of a language. An anatomical dissector of an English sentence would make as rare fun with his philology, as our Egyptologists seem to do. A sentence or two from Aphobis is quaint and amusing. “If you are one of those invited to a mixed party, and in the library your host makes a sign to your nose, then look straight at what is before you.” “An assembly-room is for a tip-top dinner suitable to its

owner." *On marriage*: "To such an expensive outburst of absurdity let there be no approach. Confound the fathers and matrons with the maidens of the bride." This reminds us of Punch's "*Advice to Persons about to Marry* :—DON'T. But if this be the boasted wisdom of the Egyptians, where did Moses obtain his wonderful learning, his legislative prudence, his strong common sense, his profound science, his lofty poetry?"

CONFESSION: a Tale of the Stars and Clouds. By S. Hancock. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt. 1858.

WE should be extremely sorry if the name of the respectable publishers should give currency to the work whose title we have just presented. While written, it would seem, with the purpose of inculcating a sacred moral, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," it seeks to do so by such questionable means that THE ECLECTIC must withhold its sanction for the sake of "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." It blends the incredible mysteries of a Eugène Sue, and the evangel of the Plymouth brethren, into a tissue woven of the woof of Dumas the elder. It would seem to be of American parentage from its unscrupulous use of exciting incidents and language in connexion with a religious theme and purpose; but if such be the case, it is due to an English public that the country of its authorship should be avowed, as the respectability of its publishers will secure it an entrance into many an evangelical English home where its presence should be disallowed. The story is to the last degree repulsive and unhealthy. It exhibits, moreover, the offensive impertinence of parading a learned New Testament critic, and two leading gentlemen of the Brethren residing at Plymouth, on its pages, as Dr. Lucian, "the only Protestant the Pope ever admitted into the library of the Vatican, to examine the original manuscripts," Mr. Norman, and Mr. Grey. We fear this feature of the story stamps it as Trans-Atlantic. We are sorry we cannot give our cousins beyond the sea credit for better taste. The style, moreover, exhibits that cento of slip-shod French phrase, which is becoming a kind of epidemic or chicken-pox of our literature, and is nearly all wrongly spelled or accented, but this is perhaps the fault of the printer. We should grieve to think our unsophisticated girls were trained to like such an unwholesome stimulant as this.

LYRA GERMANICA. Second Series. The Christian Life. Translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

WE are glad that Miss Winkworth has been induced to publish a second series of the "*Lyra Germanica*." The hymns she has selected are among the finest that even Germany can produce, and the translations are in every way worthy of their noble originals. We shall be much mistaken if the second series do not become a

greater favourite than the first, inasmuch as "hymns of a more personal and individual character are admitted;" and we all love to relieve our sorrows and joys in sacred song. We give a stanza or two as illustrations of that tenderness and pathos which so pre-eminently characterize the German hymnology. The first is from a hymn entitled "An Evening Thanksgiving" (p. 78).

"Now the light that all things gladdens,
And the pomp of day, is gone,
And my heart is tired, and saddens
As the gloomy night comes on.
Ah, then, with Thy changeless light,
Warm and cheer my heart to-night;
As the shadows round me gather,
Keep me close to Thee, my Father."
* * * *

"O Thou mighty God, now hearken
To the prayer Thy child hath made;
Jesus, while the night-hours darken,
Be Thou still my hope, my aid.
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all;
Hear my earnest prayer, oh, hear me!
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me."

One more from "Longing for Home" (p. 177):—

"Graft me into Thee for ever,
Tree of Life, that I may grow
Stronger heavenward, drooping never
For the darkest storms that blow;
Bearing fruits of faith and truth.
Then transplant me out of time
Into that eternal clime,
Where I shall renew my youth,
When earth's withered leaves shall bloom
Fresh in beauty from the tomb."

We believe that many of these hymns will take root in our English soil, and that is the highest praise we can accord to them.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW, AND QUARLES' EMBLEMS. One Vol. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1858.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY. By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. Reprinted entire from the Author's last edition. With Memoirs and Dissertations by the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Three Vols. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1858.

WE have so repeatedly commended this edition of the poets that it is not necessary to do more than just to call attention to the present volumes. They are old favourites, and the lovers of quaint, tender-hearted old Quarles, and of the songful ballads of our native land, will not esteem the least, the last of Mr. Nichol's publications. Perhaps Crashaw—of the other we need not say a word—is less known than he ought to be, oblivion, in part, being the penalty he has had to pay for secession from the Protestant Church. But we cannot afford to lose his mellow and devout strains, which in their

child-like tenderness and simple beauty never fail to remind us of Herbert. We have to thank the editor, therefore, for placing him in such worthy companionship. The memoirs and dissertations are written in Mr. Gilfillan's well-known facile and discriminating manner.

EX ORIENTE : Sonnets on the Indian Rebellion. London : Chapman. 1858.

THERE is ingenuity in these verses, although we admire the translations of the sonnets of Petrarch, proof of the undying vitality of true poetry, more than the original compositions. The author shall present his own testimonials in the shape of a sonnet on

"GENERAL HEWETT.

"What ! in broad daylight Englishwomen slain
By hell-hound troopers, and the general knew it,
And stood in apathy to let them do it,
With two brave English regiments by, each man
A match for twenty of that murderous clan ?
It was the will of God—we can but rue it !
It was the will of God !

My General Hewett,
He may forgive you, England never can !
Till night, uncheck'd goes on the work of blood,
And fell destruction ; marshall'd come too late
Our soldiers to preserve ; and unpursued
Bursts to new havoc the mad sepoy hate,
Careering onwards till its swollen flood,
Resistless whelms all landmarks of the state."

ETHEL'S HOPE ; a Dramatic Poem. By Edward Hind. London : Longmans.

THE actual strength of a rope is its weakest part. We apply the test to the poem before us :—

"For I can never think the greatest truth,
Of which all other truths but branches are,
Unto the logic of the sceptic side,
Supplies a negative inscribed on nature.
I have, myself, once thought out such a proof,
And penn'd it down in writing long ago,
I think I have it in my pocket-book,
And I will read a portion of it to you."

We greatly fear Mr. Hind, who is evidently a right-thinking man of some ability, has mistaken the aspiration after poetry for the power of producing it.

KATHERINE WOODBRINGTON ; or, Talents Neglected. By Harriet D'Oyly Howe. London : Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS is a sad and true story of an accomplished young person, who, though favoured with a faithful ministry, died in despair, because she had lived to herself rather than to God. "She left many evidences of her exquisite skill and taste, in beautiful drawings and specimens of needlework, of intellectual industry, in books filled with

extracts, well-selected and carefully arranged; of an affectionate disposition, in the memory of those around her; of kind words and liberal gifts; but none could recall a charitable deed, an act of self-denial, or any attempt, however feebly made, to promote the glory of God!"

WHO ARE TO BLAME, THE CLERGY OR THE PEOPLE? A Tale for the Working Classes. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS is not a desirable tale for the working classes, because it throws the blame of their demoralization on the clergy, which is simply untrue, as the tale itself shows.

ASPECTS OF PARIS. By Edward Copping, Author of "Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures." London: Longmans & Co. 1858.

THIS is a volume which we have perused with considerable pleasure. During a somewhat lengthy residence in the French capital, Mr. Copping has made himself acquainted with some of its most interesting features, as well as of many of the peculiar characteristics of its gay and vivacious inhabitants, and we have the result of his impressions in a very pleasant and agreeable form. He has very wisely turned aside from the attractive subject of politics, and has had the good taste to hit upon such aspects of Paris or of Parisian life, as have not before been too minutely depicted. He gives, for instance, an animated description of Paris on a New Year's day, when the entire city is transformed into a huge bazaar, decorated with trinkets and frippery of every description, and all the people go out to purchase presents, and nobody stays at home to receive them. But the bulk of this book treats of the literary aspects of Paris life, under the headings of "Paris Penny-a-lining," "Cheap Literature of Paris," and "Paris Plays;" and we must say that these, as given by Mr. Copping, are not calculated to excite very high admiration for the literary excellence of our neighbours, the majority of their dramatic representations being of a low and demoralizing tendency, and their cheap literature averaging far below anything that circulates on this side of the Channel. Mr. Copping has a strong vein of humour, which he is fond of indulging. We cannot, however, give a better specimen of his style than his description of the *Faits Divers* column of a Paris newspaper. This column is made up of every variety of information. It is, as our author says, one incessant jumble of official facts and unofficial facts; of old facts and new facts; of home facts and foreign facts; of facts of every size, colour, and density. You read till you are fairly puzzled and confused by them. "You stop exhausted ere you are half way through. You pause to take breath. But there is no rest for you. Long before you have recovered yourself, you are compelled as it were to go on again. You are hurried away, perhaps, on the back of a remarkably fine specimen of the Astracan *brébis* just arrived at the Jardin des Plantes, and carried by this animal into the flooded fields of the Ardèche, you pass into a new safety

steam-boiler of novel construction, which bursts five minutes after, and leaves you high and dry upon the summit of Mount Cenis, where shafts for the great Alpine tunnel are being sunk. Descending a little, you find yourself in the midst of the new harbour at Holyhead, and after recognising General Walker giving orders for an immediate attack upon Nicaragua, you discover that you are face to face with that gluttonous Gascon ploughman who is consuming a leg of mutton, four kilogrammes of sausages, and a dozen litres of wine, for a wager of a new pair of *sabots*. Ere you have recovered from your disgust, you are knocked down by a run-away horse, and upon rising find yourself before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris police upon a charge of robbing a poor old woman of twopence halfpenny. You leave the court with unstained hands, and find yourself in Smithfield Market, where an infamous Englishman is for the hundredth time selling his wife, and thence you are immediately blown away by a tremendous hurricane from the north-west, which carries you off to the shores of the Bosphorus, where a heavy meteorological stone, weighing seventy-four pounds eight ounces, falls upon your head; and, rubbing your eyes, you recover from the shock, and find yourself at the end of the *Faits Divers*."

CHRONOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS. By F. H. Jaquemet. Edited by the Rev. John Alcorn, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

THIS is a revised abridgment of the "Compendium of Chronology," and contains the most important dates of general history—political, ecclesiastical, and literary—from the creation of the world to the end of the year 1857. As a hand-man to the study of general history, chronologies are of extreme service; but for more than this they should not be trusted. The arrangement of the various events in the present work is very good; their selection has been made with great judgment, and the dates assigned to them, especially in reference to ancient chronology, are those which recent investigation has led the most eminent critics to regard as the correct ones. It may, therefore, be safely recommended in schools and families as a careful and accurate chronological compendium of the most important events which have marked an epoch or otherwise characterized the stream of universal history.

HANDBOOK TO AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By D. Puseley. London: Effingham Wilson.

WE have already stated our objections to this work, as one which pretends too much, and is inflated in style and spirit. We also had to question the correctness of several of the statements, although the information the book contains professes to have been derived from authentic sources, and the opinions based upon personal observation. The present edition has been enriched with two fair maps of Australia and New Zealand, by which the reader may trace the outline of the different provinces, the position of the principal towns, and the route the traveller or emigrant should take.

WILLIAM AND JAMES; or, the Revolution of 1688: an Historical Tale. By a Lady. Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1857.

GLANCING at the list of subscribers to this volume, we should presume that its fair authoress was patronized by a numerous circle of admirers, but in a literary point of view we must candidly state that we cannot consider ourselves as among the number. It is generally a mistake to expect to find historical tales of this description ought but misguiding fiction, though we are assured in the present instance that "the leading and principal events of that truly interesting and stirring period of our history, viz., 1688-9, &c., are faithfully and truly narrated." One great objection to this production is, that its authoress does not appear to understand the force of words. The quotation we have just given is loaded with expletives, and had we not seen it, we should have thought it almost impossible for a person appealing to public criticism to crowd so many adjectives and repetitions into so small a compass. The next passage we select, which is in the dedication "To the friends, patrons, and subscribers, who kindly assisted in the bringing of this work before the public," is clumsy enough. The next is the preface, wherein we are told "This work, designed at first for private circulation, but laid before the public by advice of friends of the author, who solicits, as a young beginner, entering on the paths of literature, their kind indulgence, is intended to bring under the notice of the reader historical facts and events connected with and arising out of a most interesting and stirring period of our history, in a form which, not departing from real dates and important events, is more calculated to interest and to please than a dry historical narration." It would, perhaps, have been more prudent of the friends of the authoress if they had first examined into her qualifications for authorship before encouraging her on to so arduous an undertaking. Should "a Lady" ever be tempted to appear again before the public, we would in all sincerity advise her to prune down her style, and mercilessly eradicate those wild weeds which disfigure it, so that we shall have no more "leading and principal" events, or "faithfully and truly" narrated. Does she not perceive that what is *leading* must be *principal*, and that what is *faithfully*, must likewise be *truly*, narrated?

THE BOOK OF JOB, Translated from the Hebrew, Explained and Illustrated, &c, &c. By the Rev. Carteret Priaulx Carey, M.A. London. 1858.

THE appearance of this large volume certainly indicates the author's fondness for his subject; and it may fairly imply that he has friends and means enough to warrant his indulging the passion for book-making. Though it may be called a respectable production, we do not see that it goes at all beyond some of our later commentaries in the elucidation of Job; and hence we do not fancy it will ever become a standard work of reference, or gain a permanent position in our Biblical literature. For Hebrew scholarship, the author cannot rank high, and still less for sound judgment; hence his translations and illustrations are not always reliable. He ever

quotes largely from Mr. Foster's books on the Hamyaritic and other inscriptions in Arabia, just as though that gentleman's attempts at deciphering and explaining them had not been shown to be unworthy of confidence.

A COURSE OF DEVELOPED CRITICISM ON PASSAGES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT MATERIALLY AFFECTED BY VARIOUS READINGS. By the Rev. Thomas Shelden Green, M.A. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons.

THIS will prove an exceedingly useful book to those who are commencing the study of the Greek text of the New Testament. The immense numbers of various readings given in the great critical editions are utterly useless to the student who has not thoroughly mastered the principles and become imbued with the spirit under the guidance of which the apparatus should be used. Mr. Green has taken some of the most important passages affected by variations in the readings, and detailed the process by which he arrives at what appears to him the true text. We have carefully examined a considerable number of the passages he has selected, and bear cordial testimony to the general soundness of his judgment. Mr. Green's work would be an admirable text-book in our theological colleges.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SELECT REMAINS OF THE REV. RICHARD COPE, LL.D. Edited by his Son. London: Judd & Glass. 1857.

DR. COPE was a contributor to several religious periodicals, and the author of several works, which in their day had a fair share of popularity. His friends will be interested in this autobiography, but we fear that strangers will find little in it either to instruct the intellect or to profit the heart.

DAWN AND TWILIGHT: a Tale. By the Author of "Amy Grant," &c. Two vols. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

THIS is an interesting fiction, inculcating good principles. There is enough of love and love-making in it to have filled three volumes instead of two. It abounds in such fine Norman names as Montrevor and Aubrey, Constance and Reginald, Eustace and Percy; while Ladies Rockwood, Clanraven, and Ellermaine, General Lessington, and Captain Everington, with all their doings and sayings, testify to the movement of the characters in a circle as exclusive as the precincts of May Fair, and the ring in Hyde Park. It cannot fail to be a favourite with our young ladies.

THE CORONET AND THE CROSS; or, Memorials of the Right Hon. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. By the Rev. A. H. New. London: Partridge & Co. 1857.

THIS is a far more readable book than the ponderous "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," with which some of our readers may be familiar. Mr. New is a diligent and honest writer;

he has accumulated a great mass of materials and arranged them at least in chronological order. He is deficient in the higher elements of biographical power, but his work will be read with considerable pleasure.

AN ESSAY ON THE ATONEMENT. By the Rev. J. Petherick. Bath: Burns & Goodwin.

MR. PETHERICK thinks that the cordial belief and courageous maintenance of the doctrine that "Christ is the propitiation for *our* sins," but *not* for "the sins of the whole world," are essential to the vigour and depth of the spiritual life of the Church. It is unnecessary for us to say that we do not agree with him. We believe that this doctrine is as unfriendly to the growth of a free and vigorous piety in the Christian as it is to the awakening of hope and trust in the unbeliever, and if Mr. Petherick's book had indicated that he possessed either learning or genius, their misapplication would have occasioned a deep regret; but we are inclined to think that his pen has rendered little service to a bad cause, and would have inflicted positive injury on a good one.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

WE trust that the country is at last beginning fairly to emerge from the severe and oppressive difficulties entailed by the great commercial crisis of '57. Long after the fury of the storm had gone by, universal confusion and desolation told of the havoc it had made. Even when money had become plentiful, the destruction of confidence last winter was too total to permit our industrial pursuits to resume their wonted activity. But we believe that there is now reason for hopefulness. God has granted us a most abundant harvest, and week after week of quiet sunshine to gather it in. We scarcely remember so glorious a summer; the days of July and August have moved past with all the radiance and splendour and joy of a procession at some high festival. The country is filled from end to end with quiet but deep satisfaction, and all Christian hearts are overflowing with thanksgiving. At the great centres of manufacturing industry there are indications that hammer and loom are becoming busy again, and that next winter is likely to be a bright and blessed contrast to the last.

We confess, however, that the returning prosperity of the country has filled us with deep solicitude. The United States were prepared by their great calamities for that manifestation of the Divine power for which all Christendom has been giving thanks to God; but, as yet, we see scarcely any indication that our own sufferings have prepared

us for a similar blessing. The signs of reviving earnestness which appeared a few months ago in many quarters are, we fear, rapidly vanishing, and we tremble lest, in His anger at our hard-heartedness, and resolute worldly-mindedness, He who has chastised in order to sanctify, should turn away saying, "Why should ye be stricken any more?" and leave us to our folly and our sin. God grant that our fears may prove groundless!

The month has had two great events: our gracious Queen, with a noble magnanimity, accepted the invitation of the French Emperor to be present at the opening of the great works at Cherbourg; and the daring project for establishing telegraphic communication between England and the United States has been consummated. It was a singular and happy coincidence that the tidings of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable should have reached Cherbourg in the very midst of the sulphurous tumult; we accept it as an omen of the cordial alliance between England, with her grand traditions, and America, with her brilliant aspirations, if ever the despotisms of Europe, under inspiration and guidance of the Emperor of the French, should dare the to violate or even to insult this ancient sanctuary of freedom. French pamphleteers have had the folly to imagine that a French general, at the head of 100,000 men, on the shores of Kent, "with universal suffrage in one hand, and the Code Napoleon in the other," would find sympathy among the working people of England. Never was a wilder dream. At this moment, there would be far more hearty and enthusiastic union of all classes and ranks, to assert, not only the freedom, but the old pre-eminence of the country, than even in the last war. NAPOLEON I. dazzled many of our fathers by the brilliance of his genius, and his almost miraculous achievements; and he was accepted by oppressed nations as the Apostle of Liberty, and the incarnate Nemesis of unrighteous and cruel governments. His nephew is despised by all, feared by none; he is scorned even by his flatterers, and hated intensely by more open foes. He has no genius but the genius of cunning, and his achievements provoke either indignation or contempt: in his youth and obscurity he signalized himself by his follies; in his matured manhood, and the pride of his power, he has signalized himself by his crimes. The working men of England know what "universal suffrage" means on the lips of LOUIS NAPOLEON; solemn oaths of fidelity to a republic basely violated; the destruction of representative institutions; the gagging of the press; the supremacy of an ambitious and unscrupulous priesthood.

The prorogation of Parliament leaves us but little domestic news of importance. The significance of the position won and held by the Derby Ministry has not been sufficiently pondered. It is indicative, we believe, of the growing indifference of the nation to its political duties, and the want of earnest faith on the part of any great political party, in its avowed principles. A few dozen intelligent, energetic liberals, with anything like a definite end and programme, might even now speedily become "masters of the situation."